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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

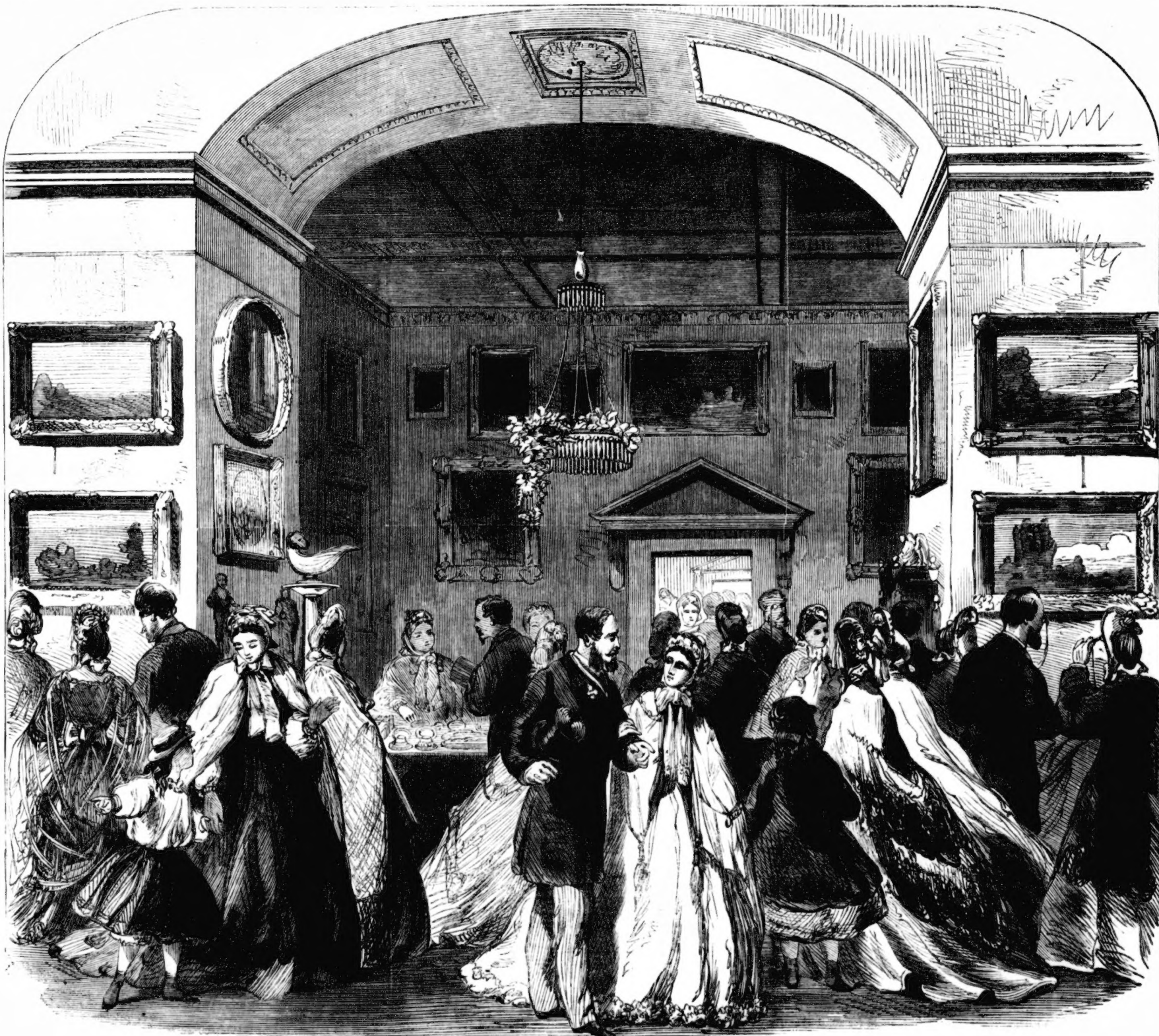
As the Derby had to be run on Wednesday, and it was the Queen's birthday on Tuesday, and there was not much of a House on Monday, there has been very little Parliamentary work done this week. When the House sits on a Derby Day England will be in danger. That is, at least, as safe a prophecy as any of those in which Derby prophets usually indulge. In France, nothing used to be so sure to empty the Chamber of Deputies, the National Assembly, the Legislative Corps, or whatever the oratorical establishment of the day happened to be called, as the announcement of a new work by Meyerbeer; and the first night of "The Prophet" was no night at all at the "National Assembly," though on that very evening a motion was to have been brought forward, which, had it been carried, would have en-

dangered the safety of the Republic. The safety of the Republic, however, was one thing, and the success of "The Prophet" another. The Republic of 1848 has gone, but "The Prophet" remains; and the clever Deputies probably knew at the time which was the better work of the two. "It is long," is said to have been the only opinion that the Emperor Napoleon (the President Louis Napoleon) could be got to express as to the latter—which was at least more than, in the year 1851, he could have said of the former.

In England, however (where, in the true Pharisaical style, we are habitually thanking Heaven that we are not like that French Imperialist or that American Republican), Derby Days succeed one another in regular annual order; and at least once every Session our legislators on one of the days appointed for legislating have the best

possible reason for doing nothing of the kind. We wonder whether the Derby interrupted the sittings of the Conference, or whether the gambling business that is being done there is found sufficiently exciting of itself? It well might be, for great risks are being run, the most important interests are at stake, and everything seems to be left to chance. In this unequal contest it will not, we think, be difficult to tell beforehand who will lose. Denmark has every-one against her except her own representatives and those of England, who, however, most assuredly will not back her to any great extent.

Alone, with two great Powers (France and Russia) and two nominally great Powers (Austria and Prussia) against us, we, of course, could do nothing. Nor, with France on our side, could we go to war, unless with a clear understanding before-



FANCY FAIR AT CHISWICK HOUSE FOR THE SALE OF PERSONAL JEWELRY CONTRIBUTED BY THE LADIES OF POLAND FOR THE BENEFIT OF THEIR SICK AND WOUNDED COUNTRYMEN.

hand as to the position and limits to which our ally meant to confine himself at the end of the war. A fine contest it would be for us which, even if it brought us success, would leave France on the Rhine and on the way to Antwerp! Such would be almost inevitably the territorial result. The political result would be even worse; for to recover Schleswig for Denmark we should not only have to drive out the Prussians and Austrians, we should also have to reimpose the Danish yoke on the German inhabitants, who, it is notorious, would be most unwilling to receive it. Now, to impose a foreign yoke on an unwilling population means always, more or less, to act as General Berg acts at Warsaw and General Mouravieff at Wilna; and we trust there are no officers in the British Army who are at all anxious to imitate the conduct of those notorious Tartars. We fully believe that Denmark governed her German subjects as fairly as was possible, when it is taken into consideration that the national party in Germany was constantly exciting them to rebel against their legitimate Sovereign. No attempts were made to turn Germans into Danes, though the Danish Government naturally objected to the constant endeavours on the other side to bring Danes beneath the influence of Germany. All this, however, does not alter the fact that a very large portion of Schleswig is German, and that Germans, whatever may be the merits of the Danish Government, prefer a German Government to all others.

Under the free English and American systems we never hear of these nationality squabbles. In our Channel Islands French is the language of the law courts, and a schoolmaster may teach history and geography in English, French, German, or Chinese if he pleases. The Americans have German villages and German towns, where all public business is conducted in the language of the inhabitants, as it undoubtedly ought to be, but at the same time is not, in the Polish towns belonging to Prussia, where no language but that of the central Government is tolerated in offices and schools. It is useless, however, to recommend our simple system for the adoption of Denmark in Schleswig, inasmuch as Germans are so mixed up with Danes in that province that it is often difficult to say which districts are German and which Danish. This difficulty becomes simple impossibility when we find districts where, though the numerical majority of the population may be Danes, the balance of property and education is vastly in favour of the Germans.

England's business in the Conference must simply be to get Denmark let off as easily as she can. It appears certain that Denmark will lose a portion, if not the whole, of Schleswig. The lost territory, whatever be its extent, will have been torn from her by force; but it will be next to impossible for us to help her to regain it by force, and—according to our moral political code, as distinguished from the written laws of treaties—it would, moreover, be unjust to do so. All that remains for us to do is to abuse Prussia (if that has not been already sufficiently done), and to wish that our Cabinet had not proved by its conduct in the negotiations with Russia that, however blustering its tone, it may be silenced by any foreign Minister representing a warlike power who chooses to adopt a cool, determined attitude, after the manner of Prince Gortschakoff. We in England know that the present Government interfered on behalf of the Poles principally from motives of humanity. But, unfortunately, Earl Russell was the first Minister who remonstrated with Russia; the first—indeed, the only one—who threatened her; and the first who retired from before her with a bow after receiving something very like a box on the ear. This was as good as a hint to both Austria and Prussia, and on this hint they acted.

FANCY FAIR AT CHISWICK ON BEHALF OF POLAND.

LADIES of Poland, of all ranks, having offered various articles of jewellery for the benefit of their sick and wounded countrymen, and her Grace the Duchess (Dowager) of Sutherland having kindly permitted the sale of these contributions at Chiswick House, her Grace's residence was on Friday week taken possession of by the nobility and gentry desirous of availing themselves of the opportunity to assist in alleviating the sufferings of these patriots. The avenue to the house was completely occupied by carriages, the line of which extended to a long distance outside the gates. In the garden at the rear of the house the band of M. Julien, together with that of the Grenadier Guards, directed by Mr. D. Godfrey, performed overtures, valses, a fine selection from "Faust," and a Polish fantasia, in the two latter of which the full strength of the two bands was employed. The beauty of the grounds, added to this musical treat, would have been sufficient to have attracted a large number of visitors without the additional inducement of the sale of jewellery, which was carried on in the house. Here, although but two stalls were placed in each room, in order to leave sufficient space for visitors, it was almost impossible to get near any of the tables. They were presided over by the Duchess (Dowager) of Sutherland, assisted by Princess Salkowska, the Duchess of Sutherland (Countess of Cromarty) and the Duchess of St. Arpino, the Countess of Shaftesbury and the Hon. Misses Jocelyn, Lady Blantyre and Lady Constance Grosvenor, Miss Washington Hibbert and the Hon. Misses Stuart, Mrs. Bischoffheim, Mme. Birnacka, and Miss Biedermann. The articles were mostly of sterling value, and the prices by no means exorbitant. The jewellery, consisting of about 700 articles, was in general of a substantial character, and different from the generality of English work, some of it very peculiar, and much of it very beautiful. We noticed several very fine turquoise bracelets, and some fine sets of carbuncles. There were some curious watches and snuff-boxes, valuable as antique specimens as well as for their materials. Two valuable paintings, valued at £3000 each, have been contributed by Polish families. One of these is a Correggio. There were also a number of large photographs representing scenes of Polish suffering.

Perhaps the most touching series in the collection was a large tray of wedding-rings and love tokens, the former having the customary Polish inscriptions engraved inside, together with a date which shows them to have been worn in some cases fifty, in others but two or three, years. The gentleman who had the general superintendence of the room, and whose name we are requested, for obvious reasons, to withhold, had, of course, at the risk of his life, personally collected the great bulk of these jewels and ornaments from his Polish countrywomen; had kept them hidden in Galicia for some months

past; and had now, by the kind permission of the Countess (Dowager) of Sutherland, the gratification of seeing them rapidly fulfilling the purpose for which they were so heroically given and of knowing that the pecuniary results of the sale will be such as to afford substantial relief to the brave men who are lying sick and wounded at home. Contributions from sympathising Russians—from poor nuns, who had only their coral beads to send—from some more wealthy religionist, whose massive silver crucifix was exposed for sale, were among the more notable realisations of the sacred "She hath done what she could" feeling which this collection conveys.

It is impossible to give anything like a list of those present on this occasion. Nearly all the rank and fashion of the metropolis were assembled, including many distinguished Poles and other foreigners. Among those who purchased extensively were some of the London jewellers, who evidently thought the prices reasonable. The Earl of Ilchester, being himself unable to attend, sent a carte blanche to purchase for him the most characteristic jewel, and sent also a donation of £100 to the funds.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The session of the Corps Législatif has been prolonged till to-day, the 28th. The birthday of Queen Victoria was celebrated by a dinner at the British Embassy on Tuesday. The Emperor's Ministers were present, and M. Drouyn de Lhuys proposed the health of her Majesty, to which Lord Cowley replied, and proposed the health of the Emperor.

The situation of affairs in Algeria is considered to be very serious, and large reinforcements are being sent to put down a fresh outbreak in the province of Oran.

There is much speculation in Paris on the Dano-German question. Baron von Beust, the representative of the German Confederation in the Conference, has been on a visit to Paris, and has had general interviews with the Emperor and M. Drouyn de Lhuys. It is said that the chief subject of discussion between the Emperor and M. von Beust was the advisability of allowing the people of the duchies to choose their own destiny, and that this idea, which was first proposed by the Emperor, has been now adopted by the English Government. On the other hand, many Parisian politicians consider that the Holstein-Schleswig complication can only be solved by a European war; and that after the gross insults she has received, England must begin the conflict "in vindication of her wounded honour." Austria is said bitterly to regret the burglarious alliance into which she has allowed herself to be drawn by Prussia, and anxiously desires to back out of it if opportunity offers.

ITALY.

In the Chamber of Deputies on Wednesday the Minister for War stated that the active army consisted of 380,000 infantry, 80 batteries of artillery, and 19 regiments of cavalry. This army was capable of defending the kingdom from any attack whatever, but the Minister could not say whether it was sufficient for Italy to make an attack unsupported by allies. The state of the fortifications, he said, was excellent, and the mobilisation of the National Guard was nearly completed. The Budgets of War and Marine were subsequently approved by the Chamber.

An official account of the state of the Treasury up to the end of December, 1863, reviewing the final results of the Budget of 1863 and the preceding years, has been distributed among the members of the Chamber of Deputies. In this account the revenue is stated at 2,433,000,000 lire, and the expenditure at 2,668,000,000 lire, leaving a deficit of 235,000,000 lire. Part of this deficit is covered by a balance of 103,000,000 lire remaining in the public Treasury on the 31st of December, and the remainder will be met out of the last loan of 200,000,000 lire.

PRUSSIA.

A deputation of seventeen members, on the 23rd inst., presented to the King the address proposed by Count Arnim-Boysenstern, and bearing 30,000 signatures, requesting that Schleswig-Holstein might be made an independent State. The address was read by Count Arnim. The King replied as follows:—

I receive this address with pleasure. In conjunction with my illustrious ally I shall take measures for preventing the return of Danish oppression and any further disturbances of peace on the northern frontier of Germany. The allies have fought for this object, and are striving for it at the Conference, reserving the entire freedom of action to which they are entitled by the conduct of the Danes and by events. During the pending negotiations I can give no further explanations relative to the nature of the solution of the question, but I may express my confidence that the sacrifice made for the German cause will also conduce to the interests of our more immediate Fatherland.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia will arrive at the Prussian Court on the 9th of June. Their Majesties will remain at Potsdam two days.

RUSSIA.

The Russian Budget for 1864 has been published. It shows an equilibrium. The public revenue is estimated at 401 millions of roubles, of which 355 are from ordinary sources, 18 millions from Treasury Bonds, and 28 millions from the Anglo-Dutch loan. The expenditure is estimated at 364 millions, to which must be added 37 millions for extraordinary military expenses.

INDIA.

From India, in addition to the statement of the Hon. Mr. Eden having been grossly insulted and put under duress in Bhoctan, we have the announcement of a general conspiracy of the Sardars of Cabool against the Ameer, and of probable fighting in that quarter. With respect to Mr. Eden, it appears the Bhoctan chiefs, in darbar assembled, amused themselves with pulling out Eavoy's hair and beard, and thrusting pan—whatever that may mean—in his face. The North-West tribes were all quiet, and engaged in peaceable occupations. Favourable prospects of a large cotton supply are opening, seeing that there are 600,000 acres under that crop in Central India.

THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.

The Continental papers are filled with rumours as to the views of the Powers represented in the Conference on the Dano-German question; but as these rumours are of a varied and often contradictory character, little reliance can be placed on them.

A Berlin paper of repute publishes a telegram from Vienna, which purports to describe the position of England and France with respect to the Danish-German duchies. On this authority it appears that the representatives of the two Western Powers have declared to Count Rechberg that they abandon the Treaty of Succession of 1852; that they agree to the union of Southern Schleswig with Holstein as a separate State; that they absolutely reject the proposal of a personal union between that State and Denmark; and that the people of the new State shall be left to decide by universal suffrage as to the internal government they would prefer. The northern portion of Schleswig would, according to this arrangement, be united to the Danish monarchy. Letters from Vienna state that the Austrian Government now leans to the views of the Federal Diet and is inclined to favour the pretensions of the Prince of Augustenburg, who has issued a manifesto, intended, we presume, to influence the Conference, in vindication of his alleged rights to the sovereignty of Schleswig-Holstein. One sentence, at least, of the address is not likely to influence the popular feeling of England greatly in his favour. The present war, he says, "by whatever name one pleases to call it, is in its nature and origin a war of succession."

The Lauenburg Association has sent a declaration, through the Federal Commissioners, to the German Diet and Baron von Beust, demanding separation from Denmark equally with the two duchies of Schleswig and Holstein.

In the meantime, the Prussian exactions in Jutland are to cease, and the German troops are in future to be fed, not by the people of Jutland, but by their own commissariat, and on a scale of much less

profusion than the orders of the Prussian generals authorised them to demand from the people upon whom they have quartered themselves. The Danish guards and some of their regiments have been recalled to Copenhagen, where the whole Danish fleet has been ordered to assemble, in order to be prepared to offer a combined opposition to the movements of the augmented Austro-Prussian squadron should it attempt to enter the Baltic.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

DESPERATE BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.

There has been a series of desperate and sanguinary battles between the armies under Generals Grant and Lee in Virginia.

Newspaper correspondents state that the Federal army formed in line of battle in front of the Confederate position at one o'clock on the 5th inst., the left being held by the second corps, under Hancock; the right by the sixth corps, under Sedgwick; and the centre by the fifth, under General Warren. The ninth corps, under Burnside, was held in reserve. Fighting was commenced by General Sedgwick advancing his corps, and by an almost simultaneous onward movement of the centre, under Warren. The Confederates offered a desperate resistance along the entire line, which extended nearly five miles. Their left, confronting Sedgwick, was commanded by Ewell; their right, confronting Hancock, by Longstreet; while their centre was commanded by General A. P. Hill. The Confederates charged upon Warren's corps, and took two pieces of artillery from the 1st New York Battery. Desperate fighting continued until nightfall, General Warren holding his position, after regaining the ground lost during the first attack. Some obstinate fighting occurred in the afternoon between Hancock's and Longstreet's corps, continuing until after dark without definite results. Large numbers of prisoners were both lost and captured. Nearly the whole of the 7th Pennsylvania Regiment was taken. On the morning of the 6th it was discovered that Lee had strengthened Longstreet during the night with reinforcements. Lee made, at ten o'clock, a feint attack upon the whole Federal line, and suddenly fell with overwhelming force upon Sedgwick's corps, driving it back in confusion. General Sedgwick, however, reformed his line, and prevented further disaster. Longstreet charged upon Hancock's corps, driving it back some distance. The battle raged for fourteen hours with scarcely an interval of rest, still in the thickly wooded, stubby, and thorny region stretching from Chancellorsville to Mine Run. The carnage is described to have been more awful than in any previous battle of the war, and to have been attended with a loss of 12,000 men to the Federals and as many to the Confederates. General Lee, in an address to his army, which found its way to the possession of General Butler, and was by him forwarded to Mr. Stanton, claims the victory on this, the second, encounter, and thanks a merciful God that every advance on Grant's part had been gallantly and successfully repulsed.

A correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes:—"The charge of Longstreet upon Hancock's corps was overwhelming. Solid masses of infantry were hurled upon the Federals, line after line, with a terrible impetuosity, driving them back in confusion, until the rebels actually planted their colours within the breastworks thrown up by Hancock on the previous night. Heavy reinforcements from Burnside came up at this juncture, and the rebels were driven back with heavy loss. During this charge of Longstreet it is said that nearly all of two Federal brigades were captured, including their commanders—Generals Seymour and Shafer. During the night General Lee commenced falling back; but it is thought that he intended to cut the army of the Potomac off from Germania Ford, and only abandoned that object when he found that Grant, on the following morning, instead of attempting to prevent him, withdrew Sedgwick's corps from its position commanding that part of the field and pushed Burnside's corps rapidly forward towards Spottsylvania Courthouse. Lee, now finding the rear of his army threatened, withdrew his entire force rapidly, but in good order, towards Richmond. Hancock's and Warren's corps started in pursuit. Grant's headquarters were twenty miles south of the battle-field on the evening of the 8th inst. Reports claim that Grant has taken 2000 prisoners. The Federal losses in both days' battles are estimated at from 8000 to 12,000 men *hors de combat*. A telegram from the medical director announced that from 6000 to 8000 wounded were being sent on to Washington."

Very little artillery was used on either side during the battles of the 5th and 6th. Among the killed are the Federal Generals Wadsworth and Hays, and the Confederate Generals Imboden, Jenkins, and Jones. Longstreet is reported to have been severely wounded, also General Pickett, and the Federal Generals Webb, Getty, and several others.

On Saturday morning, the 7th, there was slight skirmishing, but no general engagement. At noon on that day it was discovered that the Confederates had retired, and Mr. Stanton publishes, on the authority of a bearer of despatches from Meade's army, that the retrograde movement commenced on the midnight of Friday. It was no sooner known to the Federals than a pursuit was ordered. Lee fell back to Spottsylvania, where he was strongly posted, and was followed—it does not appear how closely—by the division under General Hancock.

A series of desperate engagements occurred near Spottsylvania Courthouse during Sunday, the 8th, but at the close both sides held their respective positions of the morning. Despatches from General Grant, dated one p.m., Monday, the 9th, report that there had been some hard fighting on that day, in which General Sedgwick was killed. Hancock, leading the right wing of Grant's army, commenced the attack, but was repulsed with heavy loss.

On Tuesday, the 10th, Grant fought another sanguinary battle with Lee, which lasted from the afternoon until dark. Grant's lines extended six miles along the north-east bank of the river Po, the Confederates occupying the south-east bank and the village of Spottsylvania. The attack was commenced by the Confederates. Grant not being inclined to renew the combat that day. The fight lasted the greater part of the afternoon. Towards dark Burnside was ordered to charge the Confederate right flank, when it was discovered that Lee had advanced round the Federal right flank, and was moving down to break through Grant's lines, and had captured the supply trains on the Fredericksburg plank-road. This checked Burnside's intended movement, and he held his ground, threatening the Confederate right, while the sixth corps charged the Confederate centre, driving the enemy from their first line of rifle-pits, and capturing 2000 prisoners. In consequence of Lee's movement Grant faced his troops about, and, having moved his trains to the rear, secured a new position for his artillery; but Lee did not follow up the movement. Up to this point the losses of the Federals were estimated at 40,000 killed, wounded, and missing.

On Wednesday, the 11th, there seems to have been no fighting of importance; but the Federals returned to the attack on Thursday, the 12th, and there ensued what appears to have been one of the most bloody encounters of the war. The last of the first series of battles left General Lee in front of Spottsylvania Courthouse, with the Federal army, repulsed but not routed, before him. So undiminished was the vigour of the Confederates, that the last attack had been theirs, and the greatest slaughter inflicted on the adversaries had been in a contest in which the Federals had to hold the ground they had gained. But during the night of Wednesday the Federal General Hancock changed his position from the right to the left centre of the Federal line, and at daybreak on the morning of Thursday, the 12th, he assaulted Lee's right. Of his success there are the usual varying accounts. The first statements, evidently derived from persons who quitted the field while the battle was in progress, are to the effect that Hancock captured twenty-five cannon and 3000 prisoners, among whom were three Generals. But the battle which began at this early hour continued during the whole day, and, according to later intelligence, the course of the day's fighting materially altered the position which Hancock had gained in the morning. It seems that this attack on the Confederate right was a surprise, and that the capture of prisoners and cannon, even if as important as stated, could not be taken as a proof of general

success. The battle which followed was, on the whole, to the advantage of the Confederates. "Of the cannon captured," it is said, "many remained on disputed ground on Thursday night, while it is not perfectly clear that a number of them were not recaptured by the Confederates." But still more important is the news that no success whatever attended the Federals at other points of the line, their assaults against Lee's centre and left being invariably repulsed with great slaughter, though no estimate of the losses on either side is given. It is stated, however, that the carnage was awful, and that "the men fell like grain." At nightfall the Confederates maintained their position in front of Spottsylvania Court-house, but during Thursday night Lee, repeating the manoeuvre which he has twice practised during the campaign, retreated to take up a stronger position. To this position General Grant, impeded by a heavy fall of rain and the bad state of the roads, could not readily follow him. There the latest accounts, which reach to the 14th, leave him, and it is possible that the carnage may again for a few days be stayed.

General Sheridan, chief of Grant's cavalry, reports, on the 10th inst., having destroyed eight miles of railway in Lee's rear, and the recapture of 500 Federal prisoners. There was a report that Siegel had cut the Virginia Central Railway between Charlottesville and Lynchburg, and another report that he had been attacked and defeated by the Confederates under Breckenridge.

OPERATIONS OF BUTLER ON THE JAMES RIVER.

General Butler has gained his first laurels as a warrior by the occupation of a strong position ten miles in the rear of Richmond and by his destruction of a portion of the railroad communications between that city and Petersburg. He was, however, nearly captured by a sudden dash made upon him by a division sent out from Petersburg by General Beauregard for that especial purpose. The following characteristic despatch from Butler to the Secretary for War, and dated Bermuda Landing, May 9, describes the operations in this quarter up to that date:—

Our operations may be summed up in a few words. With 1700 cavalry we have advanced upon the peninsula, forced the Chickahominy, and have safely brought them to our present position. These were coloured cavalry, and are now holding position as our advance towards Richmond. General Kantz, with 3000 cavalry from Suffolk, on the same day with our movement up the James River, forced the Blackwater, and burnt the railroad-bridge at Stony Creek, below Petersburg, cutting in two Beauregard's forces at that point. We have landed here, entrenched ourselves, destroyed many miles of railroad, and got a position which, with proper supplies, we can hold out against the whole of Lee's army. I have ordered up the supplies. Beauregard, with a large portion of his command, was left south of the cutting of the railroad by General Kantz. That portion which reached Petersburg under Hill I have whipped to-day, killing and wounding many, and taking many prisoners, after a severe and well-contested fight. Lieutenant-General Grant will not be troubled with any further reinforcements to Lee from Beauregard's forces.

Butler, under date near Chester Station, on the afternoon of May 12, states that Gilmore held the intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, while Baldy Smith was demonstrating against the enemy at Fort Darling.

POSITION OF BANKS IN LOUISIANA.

Letters from New Orleans of the 7th announce that Banks was endeavouring to reach Brashear city with his army, his retreat from Alexandria via the Red River being cut off by the erection of Confederate batteries on the banks of that stream. The steamers Ohio, Belli, Laurel Hill, Bella Donna, and Mittie Stephens, with supplies and reinforcements for Banks, had been sunk or captured below Alexandria. All Admiral Porter's gun-boats were above the falls of the Red River, and, as the Confederates had turned the waters of the river into other channels, their capture was considered inevitable.

Banks, in Louisiana, and Steele, in Arkansas, had been superseded by Major-General Canby.

MOVEMENTS OF GENERAL STEELE IN ARKANSAS.

It was previously reported that General Steele was to have advanced from Little Rock, in Arkansas, to co-operate with Banks at Shreveport, on the Red River. The disastrous defeat of the latter, however, frustrated the movement of Steele, who had returned to Little Rock under rather exciting circumstances. The following account of the movement is given in the *St. Louis Democrat*, a Union paper:—

General Steele left Little Rock with some 12,000 infantry and 3000 cavalry, the latter under General Carr. Arkadelphia was occupied without difficulty, and a force moved forward to Camden. Between Arkadelphia and Camden a subsistence-train of 180 wagons was cut off and captured by the enemy, together with the escort of 480 men, who suddenly found themselves in the hands of a superior force, and made little resistance. At Camden, Steele soon found the rebels, about 8000 strong, cavalry in his rear, and 240 wagons, dispatched from Camden towards Pine Bluff for stores, with an escort of 1600 men, were captured by the enemy. The steamer Alamo, with twenty tons of ammunition for Steele and his army, was sunk forty miles below Little Rock by coming into collision with another steamer. Steele could find no stores to subsist his troops on, and had to reduce their allowance to quarter rations. As the movement of General Steele was to be co-operative with the main one of General Banks, which had failed, there remained no course but to return to Little Rock. General Price undertook to retain General Steele at Camden, while General Marmaduke set off for Little Rock. Steele, to act for the safety of the capital of Arkansas, with its Union population and millions of dollars' worth of Federal stores, and for the rescue of his army, broke through the lines of General Price, and set out to go to Little Rock in time to save it from Marmaduke, who was also making every exertion to reach and bag the proposed game. At Sabine Fork it became necessary to give Price battle, which was handsomely done. The rebels were well mounted and in fine condition. The fight was protracted and bloody, lasting three or four hours, resulting in the complete repulse of the enemy, and leaving Steele to resume his exciting race with Marmaduke. Marmaduke approached Little Rock, throwing shells into the city, on the afternoon of the 1st inst. Shortly afterwards Carr's cavalry came up, and these, joining the troops at the post, compelled Marmaduke to relinquish his undertaking. He made little resistance, as the main body of Steele's army was rapidly arriving. During the entire march from Camden our troops were constantly skirmishing the enemy, who hung upon their rear and flank, strenuously endeavouring to impede their progress. There were no ambulances for our wounded men, and they had to be left in the houses of residents on the road.

OPERATIONS IN THE WEST.

Information was received at New Orleans on the 7th inst. that Forrest's cavalry had gained possession of all Sherman's railway communications, and had also destroyed several Federal transports on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. Despatches received by Secretary Stanton report that Sherman had advanced to and was fighting for possession of Rocky Face Ridge, the position from which Johnston repulsed Thomas in February last. General Sherman reports, on the 10th inst., that General M'Pherson, finding the Confederates in force at Resaca, had fallen back at Snake Creek Gap. Johnston was at Buzzard Roost Gap, concentrating his forces.

Despatches dated Tunnel Hill, Georgia, May 11, state that heavy skirmishing, in which all Sherman's forces were engaged, had been in progress for three days.

It was reported, via Cincinnati, that the Confederates had evacuated Dalton, Georgia, and that Sherman had occupied that city.

GENERAL NEWS.

President Lincoln had issued a proclamation while the fighting between Grant and Lee was going on, stating that sufficient was known of the Federal operations to give cause for special gratitude to God, and recommending all patriots to return thanks to Him. Congratulatory visits were paid by the Washington citizens to the President, when he made a speech, in which he said that, although Grant had met with stubborn resistance, he was not forced back from the line of operations on which he had started, but was advancing on the exact line he had marked out before the movement commenced.

Major-General M'Dowell had been appointed to the command of the military department of the Pacific, and was to leave for California immediately. This step was supposed to have been taken in view of the possibility of a rupture with France on the Mexican question.

Newbern despatches of the 7th state that, in an attack upon the Confederate ram Albemarle, in Albemarle Sound, by seven Federal gun-boats, the boiler of the *Sacres* was exploded by a shot from the *Albemarle*. One man was killed and several others injured by

scalding. A number of men on the other gun-boats were killed or wounded.

The House of Representatives had adopted a resolution to drop from the army-rolls all unemployed General officers, including Generals McClellan and Fremont. It had also passed a bill giving to soldiers and sailors, both white and coloured, homesteads from confiscated Confederate estates.

PRUSSIAN POLICY ON THE DANISH QUESTION.

The following despatch, forwarded on the 15th of May, by M. von Bismarck to the Prussian Ambassador in London, has just been published:—

Berlin, May 15.

As it is to be foreseen that the question of the position of the two German Powers with regard to the London Treaty of 1852 will be brought forward at the approaching sittings of the Conference, I find it requisite to make the following remarks upon the subject. Up to the death of King Frederick VII. the German Powers were able to expect that the crown of Denmark would fulfil the obligations it had undertaken towards them, and that by this means, and by a presentation of the succession law to the Estates of the Duchies—which has not even yet taken place—the order of succession aimed at by the London Treaty would be placed in a perfectly legal position before the anticipated case of the demise of the Crown actually occurred. These expectations were not only frustrated by the death of the King, but his successor upon the Danish throne immediately proclaimed his intention, by the Act of Nov. 18, not to comply with those obligations. The Government of the King immediately called attention to the connection of those obligations with the intended order of succession—with regard to which I need only refer to my despatch No. 487, of the 23rd of November—and repeatedly declared that it should therefore consider itself justified in regarding the Treaty of 1852 as no longer binding upon Prussia. That she did not instantly proclaim her withdrawal from that arrangement was owing solely to regard for the remaining Powers, and to the hope that Denmark's yielding, by receding from the open breach of her obligations, would re-establish the preliminary conditions and afford the possibility of the maintenance of peace. Even when this hope was deceived, when the Constitution for Schleswig opposed to the treaty not only remained unretreated upon the 1st of January but then came into operation, the two German Powers were unwilling to make any immediate use of their rights. Even at the moment when they were forced to adopt warlike measures against Denmark they declared in the despatch of the 31st of January of the present year that they did not intend to attack the principle of the integrity of the Danish monarchy. But they at the same time expressly stated that Denmark's further persistence in the course she had adopted would compel them to sacrifices which would render it their duty to give up the combinations of 1852, and to endeavour to come to an understanding upon some other arrangement with the signatories of the London Treaty. This case has completely occurred. The Danish Government has carried its persistence in denial to the utmost, and has continued armed resistance to the last. After all these occurrences, the Government of the King cannot consider itself in any way longer bound by the obligations it contracted on the 8th of May, 1852, under other circumstances. Prussia concluded this treaty with Denmark, and not with the other Powers; the ratifications were only exchanged between Copenhagen and Berlin, not between Berlin and London or St. Petersburg. Even if—which we do not admit—the London Treaty had been intended to create obligations between us and the neutral Powers, these would become void, together with the treaty, as soon as the latter lapsed through non-fulfilment of its preliminary conditions. The Government of the King, therefore, considers itself, in accordance with the declaration of the 31st of January, entirely free from all obligations which could be deduced from the London Treaty of 1852, and justified in discussing any other combination quite independent of that treaty. It results from the nature of political relations that the solution of a question, the European bearing of which the Government of the King has never undervalued, should be attempted in common with the other great Powers, and this natural consequence is recognised by the Government in the concluding sentence of the declaration of Jan. 31. By accepting the English invitation to the Conference the Government of the King has given proof of its readiness to seek for and discuss in common the means for this purpose; and this and nothing else can be the task of the Conference.

LAUNCH OF THE PRINCE ALBERT.

ON Monday another rather important addition was made to our iron-clad fleet by the successful launch of this fine vessel from Messrs. Samuda's yard at Poplar. The Prince Albert has a double claim to defensive strength, inasmuch as she is not only iron-cased, but has her battery in cupolas, or circular iron turrets also. It would be, of course, useless to deny that these turret-ships have numerous opponents to their claims to be considered as efficient sea-going war-frigates, and that these opponents include not only some of the most distinguished officers of the Royal Navy, but some of our most experienced iron-ship builders as well. The attempts which in America have been made to work out the theory of turret-ships have been by no means so comprehensive and perfect as to warrant our Government in considering them as final; and, whatever may be the differences of opinion which prevail here as to the value of the principle, it is satisfactory to see that the Admiralty are bent on trying it with all the auxiliary aids to success which form, horse-power, and perfect workmanship can contribute. The length of the Prince Albert turret-ship over all is 240 ft., while her breadth is as much as 48 ft., proportions which give her a rather heavy and unwieldy appearance, and which are certainly likely to tell against a very high rate of speed in heavy water. Her depth is 28 ft., and her burden, in tons, 2529. All the details relating to her general principle of construction are almost similar to those in the Warrior, the Black Prince, and others of our armour-ships. The same care is shown to give extra strength by longitudinal bracing. There are the same wing passages along the broadside, which virtually make a double ship of her. She has no external keel, but two bilge-plates at each side, which are supposed to answer the same purpose as giving her stability. The plating, too, is the same as on the Warrior, 4½ in. of iron and 18 in. of teak; but the Prince Albert is plated from end to end, instead of only over the broadside. At the extreme end of the bows and stern, however, the thickness of the armour is diminished gradually to three inches, and, instead of going five feet below the water-line, as in other armoured ships, it is only taken down 4 ft.—a slightness of immersion which seems to bring the vulnerable parts dangerously near the surface. Her upper deck is of pine, with a three-quarter inch iron deck beneath it to keep out shells—a thickness which the recent experience of the Danish ironclad, the Rolfé Krake, has shown to be insufficient. She is to be furnished with furnaces for heating shot and melting iron, and is to be driven by engines of 500-horse power, nominal—an amount of horse-power which certainly seems small when compared with the tonnage or the area of her midship section. The screw is to be four-bladed, and not to lift. On deck are to be four turrets or shields, as they are indifferently called, with an iron-plated pilot-house in the bows. Three of the turrets are 22 ft. diameter, and one 20 ft. The pilot-house is a mere oval, about 6 ft. wide by 12 ft. long, but plated, like the turrets, with 5½ in. of armour over 7 in. of diagonal planking. All these turrets, of course, are movable, and are revolved on turn-tables worked from the main deck below. Two of the turrets, it is understood, are to carry two guns each, and two are to carry one each, of the heaviest calibre that can be got. All the turrets being placed midships, the bulwarks round the upper deck have to be movable, and are accordingly made of light iron fastened by hinges to the deck, so as to be capable of being lowered at a moment's notice, leaving the guns free to fire anywhere. The launch was most successfully accomplished, Miss Ada Samuda naming the vessel as it glided rapidly into the river. She was sent aloft with the lower streak of armour on from end to end, and with the midship portion of her broadside entirely plated. The rest of her fitting and equipment will be proceeded with at Woolwich; but nearly, if not quite, a year is likely to elapse before she is commissioned and afloat as an effective member of the Channel Squadron.

AN EXHIBITION OF IRISH MANUFACTURES, which has been some time in preparation, was opened in Dublin on Wednesday.

PUBLIC MEETINGS IN THE PARKS.—In one of the Committee-rooms of the House of Commons, on Monday, several metropolitan members met deputations from their constituents and from the City and Working Men's Garibaldi Committees to discuss the question of the rights of the people to meet in the parks. Mr. Williams, M.P., presided. Mr. Edmund Beales argued that the people had a legal right to hold public meetings in the parks. Mr. Ayrton and Mr. Gieschen expressed their opinion that the parks were Crown property, and that to allow public meetings to be held in them would be to deprive many persons of the means of recreation which they now enjoyed. Finally, however, on the motion of Mr. Cox, M.P., a committee was appointed to inquire into the whole matter.

DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL N. T. LAKE, C.B.—Major-General Noel Thomas Lake, C.B., of the Royal Artillery, who was in his sixty-fifth year, died on Thursday week, at Wellesley House, Shooter's-hill, Kent. The deceased General commanded the Royal Horse Artillery of the Light Division in the Eastern campaign of 1854 and 1855, including the affairs of Bulganac and McKenzie's Farm, and the battles of Alma (where his horse was shot), Balaklava, and Inkermann (at which battle he had another horse shot), and during the siege of Sebastopol. He was a recipient of the war medal and four clasps for his services in the East; was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath; made an officer of the Legion of Honour of France, and was decorated with the Order of the Medje of the fourth class; and also received the Turkish medal. His commissions bore date as follows:—Second Lieutenant, July 5, 1820; First Lieutenant, July 5, 1827; Captain, Aug. 10, 1829; Brevet Major, Nov. 11, 1851; Lieutenant-Colonel, April 1, 1852; Brevet Colonel, Nov. 26, 1854; Colonel, Feb. 28, 1856; and Major-General in 1853.

THE ROADSTEAD AT TUNIS.

THE recent insurrection at Tunis has not yet been fully investigated; but the promptitude with which its first outbreak was opposed has, doubtless, lessened the danger, which was at one time feared, of a spread of the rebellion. As soon as the news of the outbreak reached France a telegraphic despatch commanded Vice-Admiral D'Herbington to put to sea with several vessels of his squadron, and with them to lie off Tunis in order to protect the European population.

On the first alarm a considerable number of the Christian inhabitants of the town availed themselves of these means of safety, and the French ships of war became asylums for those who were most alarmed by the aspect of affairs and dreaded the extension of the revolt beyond the frontier and into Algeria.

Our Engraving represents the appearance of the Bay of Tunis during the occupation of the French squadron. The coast of the bay is in many places low and swampy, but along the projecting track where the ruins of Carthage are found it is rocky and slightly elevated above the sea. The Gulf of Tunis comprehends a coast of some eighty miles between Cape Farina and Cape Bon, which are about thirty-nine miles distant from each other; while the two inner promontories of Cape Carthage and Cape Zaphran approach each other within twelve miles, and form an inner bay, which is almost circular, and has from ten to twenty fathoms depth in the centre. A large fleet may ride here in safety by observing ordinary precautions against the north-easters to which they are likely to be exposed during the winter months.

Throughout this part of the country and all round the town of Tunis there are large numbers of Roman remains, amongst the most remarkable of which are the ruins of a temple, occupying a position which renders it visible from the bay at the foot of the Yughlatare Mountains, as seen in our Engraving. The town of Tunis itself is of immense antiquity—so old, indeed, that it is a disputed point whether the place was founded by a Phœnician colony or by the native Africans.

Having fallen into the hands of the Vandals in 439, and being rescued from them by Belisarius in 533, it continued subject to the Greek Emperors until the armies of the Caliphs overran Northern Africa, at the latter part of the seventh century. With varying fortunes and many internal dissensions the Arab conquerors maintained their rule until, in 1530, the King (Muley Hassan) was deprived of his throne by the pirate Khairadeen, better known as Barbarossa II., who had been acknowledged as Chief of Algiers by the Turkish Sultan. The dethroned Monarch sought the aid of the Emperor Charles V., and was restored as a tributary of the Spanish dominion until that itself succumbed to the expedition sent by Sultan Selim in 1574, after which Tunis became a dependency of the Ottoman Porte, and completed the Sultan's conquests throughout the Mediterranean coast of Barbary.

All this time the whole territory may be said to have been composed of small piratical communities, the accounts of whose expeditions and cruelties were amongst the most terrible stories known to Europeans. Although Algiers was the most powerful in ships and men, Tunis was the most formidable, on account of her numerous havens. It was here, in fact, that the first Barbarossa organised his maritime expeditions before he got possession of Algiers; and even after Algiers was established as the first piratical power, the Algerines moored and refitted their vessels in the ports and roadsteads of Tunis. Her northern and eastern sea-fronts offered a convenient refuge to the corsairs of all these States, whence they sallied forth in every direction, plundering the ships of Christian nations, and making slaves of their crews, who were sometimes compelled to work the Algerine guns against their own countrymen.

This dreadful warfare was of such enormous extent and was so successfully conducted that it is said a Genoese renegade who commanded the galleys of Biserta reduced no fewer than 20,000 persons to slavery. Meanwhile, although the Turkish flag waved over Tunis, the Sultan had little real power over these lawless pirates.

The town was, indeed, supposed to be governed by a Turkish Basha and a divan of military men; but their rapacity so infuriated the Moors that they at last obtained permission to elect a Dey from amongst themselves. Of twenty-three days who reigned within a short period eighteen were summarily strangled, and the boys, who were the second officers of state, at last obtained the influence and eventually gained the succession, and became sufficiently powerful to dictate to the bashas, who held only a nominal rule.

It was left to our own great Admiral Blake, however, to destroy the power of these terrible "Barbary Corsairs" who had so long horrified Europe; and, in 1655, a powerful English squadron made its appearance in the Mediterranean, and, after having forced the Dey of Algiers to accept peaceable terms, made short work of Tunis by destroying the castles of Porto Farina and Goletta; while a promise was extracted from the Bey that the pirates should no longer commit depredations on the English. Although France and Holland obtained the same promise by similar means, the agreement was never very rigidly kept until 1816, when, by an agreement amongst the European Powers, Tunis renounced Christian slavery, under the threat of a punishment similar to that inflicted by Lord Exmouth upon Algiers.

The city, whose history has been so intimately connected with that of all the maritime nations of Europe, has changed but little in appearance since the Christian galley-slaves were chained and tormented in its fortifications. Situated in an open plain at about thirty miles distance from a mountain amphitheatre, it stands on the western side of an oval lake of twenty miles circumference, the outlet of which, called Goletta, or "little throat," opens into the bay. The city, which is surrounded by a high wall, is entered by a number of gates leading to the different quarters. The site is a gently-rising ground, fronting the heights, on one of which stands the citadel, the rest being variously fortified.

The white houses standing under the clear African sky, and lighted by a blazing sun, render the view of Tunis remarkably striking and picturesque; but the interior of the city by no means corresponds to this first impression. Like those of most African cities, the streets are narrow, irregular, unpaved, and often either deep in mud or choking with dust, while the houses are generally only of one story, with dead walls abutting on the narrow thoroughfares. They are frequently furnished with great elegance, however, and there is a capital supply of water from an aqueduct.

The principal buildings are the Bey's palace, a modern Saracenic building, on which no expense was spared, and which is splendidly appointed; several fine mosques, a Moorish college, a Greek church, a Roman Catholic convent, and an Italian opera-house. These will sufficiently indicate the varied population, which consists, in fact, of representatives of nearly every race and colour. Out of about 200,000 souls, 30,000 are Jews and 5000 are Christians, while the rest are principally composed of Moors, Arabs, Turks, and Negroes.

ROBBERY AT A RAILWAY STATION.—Late on Sunday night the iron safe in the booking-office of the Stockport station, on the London and North-Western Railway, was robbed of £217 in gold and silver in a most mysterious manner. The money comprised the whole of the takings of Saturday and Sunday, the sum being unusually large, on account of the increased traffic during Whitsun week. The booking-clerk left the office at ten o'clock, the money being then in the safe, arranged in leather bags, ready for transmission to the chief office; and on his return, at ten minutes to eleven, he found the door of the safe had been unlocked and the inside drawer forced open, the bags ripped up, and the whole of their contents abstracted. Information was at once given to the police, but no clue to the depredators has as yet been obtained.

ENGLAND AND PRUSSIA.—A letter from Berlin of the 15th says:—"M. de Bismarck has announced to the English Ambassador at Berlin that he will henceforth only communicate with him officially. The relations of our Ministry with the Ambassador will thus be confined to the exchange of written notes. M. de Bismarck gives as a reason for this reserve the practice of English diplomatists and Ministers to make known the confidential interviews they have had with foreign diplomatists in official documents or in Parliament. This mark of distrust is the more felt by Mr. Buchanan from the fact that his rank as Ambassador gives him direct access to the King, and that henceforth immediate relations with the person of the King will become almost impossible. This will end, probably, in the recall of the respective Ambassadors at London and Berlin, who will not be replaced."

EPISODES OF THE WAR IN DENMARK.

OUR small Engravings, which are taken from the Artist's sketches made at different times during the progress of the war, may be said to illustrate those smaller incidents which are frequently more interesting to the observer than the important events to which public attention is constantly directed. One of these occurred during the advance of the Austrian troops in Fredericia, when one of two Austrian Hussars, who were on duty as an outlying patrol, was suddenly confronted by a small body of Danish infantry. His horse was shot under him, and in another moment he would have been taken prisoner, when his comrade dashed gallantly to his rescue, and, without drawing rein, helped him to climb into the saddle, behind him, and bore him off triumphantly amidst a sharp fire of musketry.

PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS DEFENDING A FARMHOUSE AGAINST THE DANES.

This little piece of strategic play occurred during the early part of the war. A small party of a Prussian infantry regiment, located at a farmhouse, were nearly being taken by a superior Danish force, which had advanced to hold possession of the quarters to which the Prussians conceived they had a better claim.

A very sharp conflict ensued, and the Prussians at once commenced firing from the window, where they were able to command the approach to the house; here they succeeded in maintaining their

position until the sound of the firing brought one of their own regiments to their aid and the Danes were compelled to retreat. The most remarkable part of the whole affair was that the master of the house, with the stolid German phlegm, sat during the conflict calmly grinding coffee for the refreshment of whichever party should come off conquerors. Perhaps, after all, it made little difference to the worthy farmer, but his hospitality was displayed by a hearty breakfast to the victorious inmates who had so successfully defended their quarters.

ness, and purity, and domestic joy have been associated with his return to the nest under the eaves. In the Tyrol, too, which is the scene of the village home represented in our Engraving, the whole family welcome the first flutter of feathers which announces the return of the wanderer. What interest is expressed in the sagacity which recognises the old birthplace of last year's brood!—how the bread is crumbled and scattered, as the longspreading wings are seen skimming in a scattered procession after their leader!—how



PRUSSIAN INFANTRY DEFENDING THEMSELVES IN A FARMHOUSE AGAINST A COMPANY OF DANISH SOLDIERS.

THE SURPRISE OF A DANISH ARTILLERYMAN.

This Engraving represents the utter surprise with which a Danish artilleryman at Oberselsk found himself captured by the Austrian Jägers, who came suddenly upon him at the very moment he was busily endeavouring to make the best of his position.

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOW.

The swallow is the recognised harbinger of Spring, and, by a poetical association, the representative also of renewed hope and coming joys to nations who have little in common except this universal language of nature. In France (especially in Normandy), in Russia, Italy, Denmark, and nearly throughout Europe, this graceful little bird has been, time out of mind, the theme of song and proverb; and his springtime return has been for ages looked for every year with anxious and loving eyes. In Germany the swallow has been the theme of more ballad literature than any bird that flies; and wonderful notes of tender-



AUSTRIAN HUSSAR RESCUING A COMRADE AT ERITSO, JUTLAND

they are counted as they come across the blue waters of the lake in a half-straggling company; for "one swallow does not make a summer," and here are a score, to tell that summer is coming in earnest!

The martin and the swallow
Are God Almighty's birds to hallow,

says the Old English jingle, one of those rustic rhymes in which so much good truth is often ruggedly enfolded; and whether "swallow-day" be on the 15th of April, as it was formerly in England, or at any other date, according to climate, it will surely be observed, after some fashion, among the more primitive peoples. These little birds, in fact, may be said to be the winged messengers from land to land; for they seldom or never pass the whole year in one climate. They live habitually in the air, and dart hither and thither like aerial fish, pursuing the insects on which they feed; while it is extremely difficult either to capture them or to rear them in cages, one attempt to do so having been only partially successful, as recorded by Bewick, who says that a Mr. Pearson had in his house, in Great Newport street, Long-acre, "four swallows in moult, in as perfect health as any birds ever appeared to be when moulting."

It is a very common error to confound the swallow with the swift and the martin, which, although very similar when on the wing, are quite distinct birds. It will be seen in the old rhyme just quoted that the distinction is maintained; and, indeed, the martin, or "house martin," is the bird round which

most domestic interest gathers, from its habit of building its clay nest under the eaves and in the roofs of houses.

The swift, which is another species, leaves earlier than either

rather to beak), tempered with little bits of straw or twigs. As this bird always builds against a perpendicular wall, without any projecting ledge under it, it requires great effort to fix the first

swallow or martin, and it is believed that the latter frequently remain during the winter, stowed away in some warm corner.

Even in London it was once customary to hang wide-mouthed globular earthenware bottles outside the windows and under the roofs that the martins might make their nests there; and some of these charitable retreats may still be observed in old neighbourhoods, though they are principally inhabited — if inhabited at all — by smoke-dried, impudent London sparrows, the martin and swift having vanished from our streets since the time of White of Selborne, who says that a correspondent saw a house-martin flying in and out of its nest in the Borough. On the same good authority, it would appear that swallows remain later amidst the old buildings at Oxford than they do elsewhere.

For some time after their spring return the hirundines in general pay no attention to the business of nidification, but play and sport about, either to recruit from the fatigue of their journey or that their blood may acquire its true tone and texture after the severity of winter. About the middle of May, if the weather be fine, the martin begins to think in earnest of providing a mansion for its family. The crust, or shell, of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand (or



AUSTRIAN OFFICER CAPTURING A DANISH ARTILLERYMAN.



"THE FIRST SWALLOWS OF THE SEASON."

foundation of its nest so as safely to carry the superstructure. To do this, the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly support itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum, and thus working or plastering the materials against the brick or stone. But, then, that this work may not, while it is soft, pull itself down by its own weight, the architect builds only in the morning, and devotes the rest of the day to food and amusement, thus giving the wall time to harden. It progresses by layers of about half an inch a day, and in twelve days forms a hemispheric nest, with a small aperture towards the top, snug and warmly fitted. It, however, sometimes happens that the house-sparrow seizes upon it directly it is finished, impudently ejecting the rightful tenant and furnishing the dwelling to his own taste. The martins will breed for several years in the same nest when it is favourably situated and well sheltered.

"The hirundines," says the observant authority already quoted, "are a most inoffensive, harmless, entertaining, social, and useful tribe of birds; they touch no fruit in our gardens; delight (all except one species) in attaching themselves to our houses; amuse us with their migrations, songs, and marvellous agility; and clear our outlets from the annoyances of gnats and other troublesome insects. Who ever contemplates the myriads of insects that sport in the sunbeams of a summer evening in this country will soon be convinced to what a degree our atmosphere would be choked with them were it not for the friendly interposition of the swallow tribe."

We recommend this consideration to the members of "sparrow clubs" and others who seem to have an insane propensity for the destruction of small birds, not even sparing those winged acquaintances who, according to the old rhyme we have quoted, are "God Almighty's birds to hallow."

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 237.

EXPLANATION OF A PUZZLE.

THE proceedings in the House of Commons during the past week must have been a sore puzzle to diligent readers of our Parliamentary debates. The House of Commons assembled after the Whitsuntide holidays on Thursday, the 19th. Why did it not then set to work diligently? On Thursday night it passed through Committee one bill—to wit, "The Union Assessment Bill;" and then, after a little routine work, adjourned at seven minutes past six o'clock. On Friday it got into Supply, after a debate upon Captain Grant's cooking apparatus, and another upon China and the Taepings; but it did very little work, for before the clock struck eight it was, at the instance of Mr. Augustus Smith, counted out. How was this? Are our legislators lazy, that they waste their time in this unseemly way? These are questions which would naturally suggest themselves to our readers. And, as it is specially our duty to make Parliamentary business intelligible, we will proceed to answer these queries. First, then, as to Thursday night. It had been arranged that Supply should be put down upon the paper for Thursday as the first order of the day, and that, on going into Supply, Mr. Hennessy should bring on his motion upon Poland. This motion had been upon the paper for several weeks, and had been several times postponed because Lord Palmerston was absent; but it was confidently hoped that his Lordship would on Thursday be present, "and then, Mr. Hennessy, you may bring on your motion." This was the arrangement; but it was only a private understanding, remember. To give it effect, it was necessary that the House should pass an order, and this the House would have done at the proper time—viz., at the close of the business on the Friday night when the House adjourned for the holidays; but on that night, as our readers will recollect, the House was counted out before the time for placing the order came; consequently, "Supply" could not be placed in the programme for the next Thursday, and, consequently, Mr. Hennessy's motion could not come on. Indeed, nothing could be brought on but the few orders which had been already placed upon the paper. The House, then, on Thursday, did all that it could do. It cleared the paper, and adjourned early, simply because it had no more work to do. Thus much about Thursday, the 19th.

CONTINUED.

On Friday, the 20th, the House assembled again at the usual hour; but from the first there was but a sparse attendance of members, and it was clear that those who were present were but little inclined for work. "Supply" now, by arrangement, always stands as the first order of the day on Fridays, and after the cooking apparatus of Captain Grant, and China and the Taepings, had been discussed and dismissed, the House got into Supply, Mr. Hennessy's motion having been by consent postponed again till Monday; and "Now, if the Fates be propitious, we shall get a lot of money to night; for very few members are present, and we shall be able to skip through at least some twenty votes." So thought the Government, and it did really seem that all were in for a long night's work. But, alas! the Fates were not propitious; for after passing two votes Mr. Augustus Smith, vexed in his righteous and economic soul that the money of the country should be voted by some score and a half members, moved that the numbers be counted, and again the House was dismissed. Now, this move of Mr. Smith was not only unfortunate for the Government, but fatal to Mr. Hennessy, for the House was once more prevented from "placing" Supply for Monday night, and, consequently, once more Mr. Hennessy saw his opportunity of bringing on his Polish motion vanish before his eyes. But, patience, Mr. Hennessy, patience. There are still two months of the Session before us, and more than a hundred votes of money to be obtained. Your opportunity is only postponed, not lost. Meanwhile, your speech will keep, and, perhaps, be all the better for keeping. Nor will the unhappy Poles lose much by this delay, for they have, alas! lost all they had to lose. Lost it past all recovery. Indeed, to them this talk, Parliamentary or other, never was and never could be of much use. What they wanted was something very different from talk. Deeds, not words; and as no deeds were nor could be forthcoming, it would not matter to them, nor, perhaps, to any one else, if the speech were never to be delivered, unless, indeed, to Mr. Hennessy. To him some temporary capital, political and ecclesiastical, may accrue out of this speech; but to no one else that we can discern can it be of the slightest value.

RECEPTION OF LORD PALMERSTON.

On Friday night Lord Palmerston again made his appearance in the house. It was known beforehand that he was coming, and, when rumour had heralded his immediate approach, all eyes were fixed upon the Ministerial bench to catch the first glimpse of him there; and as he advanced from behind the Speaker's chair his supporters greeted him with an enthusiastic cheer, many of them rising and taking off their hats. Our readers will, perhaps, expect us to describe his appearance; but they must excuse us, and be contented with the information that his Lordship looked as well as we expected to see him after so prolonged and severe an attack; more than this courtesy forbids us to say. And here endeth our paper for this week. It is very scant; but we cannot say more, for this simple reason—we have nothing more to say.

MR. BOWEN, editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, a post which he has occupied forty years, died at Paris on Tuesday.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND has paid a visit to Naples, where he was received with warm demonstrations of respect, in consideration of his friendship for Garibaldi.

THE BRITISH AND FRENCH CONSULS have received orders to act in concert at Tunis in protecting the property and persons of subjects of both countries.

AUSTRIA CONSUMES, according to official calculations, annually, 501,000 cwt. of paper; the German Zollverein, 1,000,000; France, 5,000,000; and England, 15,000,000; while the rest of the civilised and uncivilised world consumes 10,000,000; there are thus altogether 31 or 32 million cwt. of paper wanted per annum.

AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A BULL AND AN ELEPHANT took place lately at Valladolid Palace, Spain. The bull had not the slightest chance, the elephant almost without an effort preventing its antagonist from ever touching it. The spectators withdrew, greatly disappointed at the inequality of the conflict.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MAY 20.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE PRUSSIAN EXACTIONS IN JUTLAND.

LORD PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. Whiteside, said that the terms of the armistice were clear that no fresh contributions were to be levied in Jutland. There was, however, some ambiguity as to whether the contributions ordered before the armistice were to be levied. Earl Russell was in communication with the Prussian Government on the subject. It was clearly understood that all provisions were to be paid for.

CHINA.

Mr. BAXTER called attention to the affairs of China. He disapproved of our interference in those affairs, and declared that if the same policy were persisted in much longer it would lead us into difficulties the importance of which could scarcely be exaggerated. The policy was completely bad in itself, and, further, it was not likely to succeed. The Tartar dynasty was not likely to be reinstated. He wished to know whether the Government had given orders that for the future there should be no interference in Chinese affairs, and, further, whether British officers had been enjoined not to take service under the Imperialist Government, and not to take any step, direct or indirect, to support that Government in China.

Lord PALMERSTON denied that the principle of non-intervention had been our invariable policy. We had intervened in several cases; and with regard to China we intervened because our treaty rights were endangered and our national interests at stake. He contended that the Government was bound to look after the commercial interests of the country. With respect to the Imperial Government in China, the latest accounts represent it as gathering fresh strength daily, while the Taepings were tottering to their fall. He regretted that Captain Osborne's expedition had not been allowed to do its work, for it would have extirpated piracy from the Chinese seas. The Government had revoked the orders permitting British officers to take part in the war which was waging between the Imperialists and the Taepings, and there was no intention of resuming the order. The Government would not sanction any interference outside the radius of the treaty ports. He thought it would be a great misfortune if the Taepings were successful.

After some further discussion, in which Mr. Liddell, Lord Naas, Colonel Sykes, Mr. Gregson, and Mr. Kinnaird took part, the matter dropped.

MONDAY, MAY 23.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords met on Monday for the first time since the Whitsuntide recess.

THE GREEK PROFESSORSHIP AT OXFORD.

The Earl of DERRY vindicated the University of Oxford from a charge which had been brought against it by the Lord Chancellor, to the effect that if the University had acted in good faith in endowing the Professorship of Greek out of the funds given to them by the Crown, the necessity for the bill which had been introduced would not have arisen. He declared that the University had done all it could.

The LORD CHANCELLOR denied that he had charged the University with a breach of faith. He thought, however, that it had behaved very badly to Professor Jowett.

The Earl of DERRY severely censured the Lord Chancellor for these observations.

Earl GRANVILLE defended his Lordship, and the matter dropped.

THE COUNTY COURTS BILL.

The motion for reading the County Courts Acts Amendment Bill a second time gave rise to some discussion on the details of the measure, in which the law lords took the principal part, Lord St. Leonards objecting to the bill that it would take away the credit of the working classes, which in reality was their capital.

Lord CHELMSFORD criticised the details at considerable length, and was replied to by the Lord Chancellor. Ultimately the second reading was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

CONDUCT OF THE PRUSSIAN IN JUTLAND.

Mr. WHITESIDE called attention to an order of General von Bornstedt, issued after the armistice commenced, to the effect that contributions should be taken by force from the people of Jutland.

Mr. LAYARD said that the Prussian Ambassador had assured the Government that no forced contributions would be raised in Jutland, but that all provisions furnished to the Prussian troops would be paid for. The Government had no official information as to the order quoted. The terms of the armistice distinctly provided that no forced contributions should be levied.

Mr. D. GRIFFITH complained that the question should have been answered by the Under-Secretary when Lord Palmerston was present. He should like to know in what kind of money the contributions were to be paid for. Lord PALMERSTON could not say in what money the contributions would be paid for.

THE BALLOT.

Mr. H. BERKELEY gave notice that he should bring forward his ballot motion on the 21st of June.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

The Vacating of Seats Bill was read a second time after a brief discussion. The second reading of the Court of Chancery (Ireland) Bill was postponed. On the motion for the second reading of the Beerhouses (Ireland) Bill a discussion took place. Eventually, however, the bill was read a second time.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

Sir J. PAKINGTON asked what were the causes which had led to the war with the King of Ashantee, and whether there was any prospect of a pacific solution of the question.

Mr. CARDWELL recounted the proceedings of the King of Ashantee, which had led to troops being sent to the Gold Coast, with a view of being used against the King. At latest accounts they were unable to make way on account of the rains. The Government, rather than subject the troops to the injurious effects of the climate, had resolved that they should be withdrawn.

SUPPLY.

The House then went into Committee of Supply on the Civil Service estimates, but after some votes had been taken the House was counted out. The House then adjourned till Thursday.

THURSDAY, MAY 26.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH, in asking a question as to the manner in which the armistice had been observed in Jutland, took occasion strongly to condemn the conduct of Prussia, and also to animadvert upon the policy of the British Government.

Earl RUSSELL, in reply, explained that the terms of the armistice had been forwarded by the King of Prussia to Marshal Wrangel, and, though that communication might be in the hands of the Prussian Commander at the time exactions were made upon the people of the country, it might not have reached to Generals collected in remote positions. The Danish Government, however, intended collecting all the facts and making a statement upon them, and, till that was done, he thought it would be better not to discuss the subject. He then proceeded to vindicate the policy of the Government, and said that, though this country should defend its honour whenever and wherever it was attacked, we were not alone responsible for the balance of power in Europe.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TROOPS IN CANADA.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, in reply to Sir F. Smith, stated that it was intended to bring home from Canada one regiment of Guards and one battalion of the Military Train. This course had been found necessary in consequence of the heavy expenses in Canada, and the necessity for reducing them.

ANOTHER LITERARY HOAX.

Mr. HANKEY inquired whether there was any foundation for a correspondence in two of the daily journals on Wednesday between Earl Russell and President Davis?

Mr. LAYARD said the correspondence was a hoax, and not a very ingenious one.

POLAND.

On the order for going into Committee of Supply,

Mr. HENNESSY rose to move the following resolutions:—1. That the negotiations of her Majesty's Government respecting Poland have not terminated in a satisfactory manner. 2. That it appears from the papers laid before Parliament that the conditions on which the British Government agreed to acknowledge the dominion of Russia in Poland have not been fulfilled by Russia. 3. That this House is of opinion that her Majesty's Government is no longer bound to recognise the sovereignty of Russia in Poland. The hon. gentleman went into a history of the various treaties entered into with regard to Poland, and quoted from several authorities to show that that country, as an independent nation, was most important, geographically, commercially, and morally. He detailed the cruelties which had been practised by the Russians in furtherance of a policy in direct violation of her treaty engagements and of public law. In conclusion, he contended that the Government ought to have interfered for the protection of that much injured and oppressed people.

Lord PALMERSTON said he cordially agreed with the speech of the hon. member, but he did not agree with him as to his conclusions. He would, therefore, vote for going into Committee of Supply.

After some further discussion, Mr. Hennessy withdrew his resolutions.

SUPPLY.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, when several votes were agreed to. Among others, one for increasing the pay of the executive and petty officers of the Royal Navy.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

LIGHT, AIR, AND HOLIDAYS.

THOSE who have attentively regarded English dwellers in London for the last five-and-twenty or thirty years can have scarcely failed to observe the progressive improvement of physical aspect developed by our social progress. We make all due allowance for the manly appearance given by the beard and moustache. And yet even this is due, in some respect, to the abandonment of a habit certainly not over cleanly. It is certain that snuff-taking and shaving have generally been fashionable together. An habitual snuff-taker usually shaves his upper lip. But, leaving this out of the question, and looking only at the stature, complexions, and proportions of the present generation of Londoners, it cannot be denied that it is far superior to that which preceded it in the memory of our middle-aged metropolitan contemporaries.

In those days manly and feminine beauty was a rare gift, almost exclusively confined to the aristocracy. A pretty girl of the lower-middle class was so seldom to be seen, that crowds would assemble around the window of the confectioner's shop at Charing-cross where an attractive young woman was wont to dispense pastry. Ugly females were termed "ordinary." A handsome young man was commonly either a "Corinthian Tom" or a military officer. Young ladies admired his pictured lineaments exposed outside the miniature-painters' establishments. The dandies of the day were generally pretty men, weak, slender, and effeminate. The Londoner of every-day life was an ugly, stunted creature, with cloudy visage and mutton-chop whiskers, and attired in the most ungainly costume ever worn by civilised man.

There have been various reasons for our present physical improvement. Among the chief of these are, undoubtedly, light, air, and holidays, each enjoyed by the modern Londoner to an extent which his predecessors never even contemplated. The window tax and the duty on glass, as well as the narrow streets of a quarter of a century since, all tended to deprive the metropolitan of one of the greatest necessities of healthy development. A much larger proportion of the population than at present slept in the houses in which their daily avocations were carried on. The life of the industrious classes was one of almost incessant toil. The law-clerk, in term-time, not unfrequently slept beneath the desk at which from early morn till after midnight he had been engaged in transcribing the verbosity rendered necessary by the legal practice of the period. The merchant would regard almost as upon the highroad to ruin any one of his young fellows who would ask for a holiday beyond those customary at Christmas, at Easter, and perhaps upon the King's birthday. Further than Richmond, Norwood, Greenwich, Gravesend, and Hampton Court, the London clerks and tradesmen knew little of the beauties of their native land; nor was this to be wondered at when vans and open boats formed almost the only means of conveyance to those of slender purses. There were cockneys in those times—such as those whose effigies survive in the etchings of Seymour and the broad caricatures published by Tregear, to the marvel of children of the present day.

The cockneys are now extinct. Pretty girls are rather more frequently to be met with than ugly ones. Our young men of London are as fine, healthy a race as any to be met with, not only in our own country, but in Europe. Let him who doubts it attend a volunteer review, and take into consideration that these smart young fellows are mainly furnished from the class from which caricaturists of the last generation took their models.

Besides the improvement in our dwellings consequent upon the remission of the taxes upon light, we have also to thank for this improvement the increased facilities afforded by steam for locomotion, by which an occasional excursion far into the country falls within the resources almost of the humblest. And this has led the way to a great extension of our national holidays. For the last fortnight we have had a succession of holidays for metropolitans. There are few who have not availed themselves of Whitsuntide, the Queen's birthday, or the Derby Day. Monday is the holiday of the artisans. The Saturday half-holiday has become a national institution. Hyde Park will on this (Saturday) afternoon become the rendezvous of thousands bent upon beholding and contributing to a spectacle without its parallel in Europe. And yet, with all our numerous and increasing intervals of relaxation, there is far more work done, and that in an honest, real way, than in the old days of grinding slavery and antagonism between employers and employed.

THE DUCHESS OF BRABANT gave birth to a Princess on Saturday morning. Her Royal Highness and the infant Princess are both doing well.

ACCORDING TO THE RUSSIAN REGISTERS, the number of Poles transported to Siberia up to February last was 87,500.

AN INSURRECTION has broken out among the Bedouins in Yemen, and 3500 Egyptian troops have been sent against them.

A FIRE broke out in some warehouses in Gordon-street, Glasgow, on Saturday morning last, which destroyed upwards of £100,000 worth of property before it was subdued.

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY was celebrated on Tuesday with more display than has been observed on any similar occasion since the death of Prince Albert. The household troops were paraded behind the Horse Guards, the members of the Government gave state banquets, and many of the shops and places of business were closed during the day and illuminated in the evening.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A STATE CONCERT was held on Monday evening at Buckingham Palace, where the Prince and Princess of Wales appeared as representing her Majesty. The attendance of the nobility and of the Diplomatic Corps was numerous, and the scene was a very brilliant one.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA has been appointed to the command of the second Prussian corps d'armée, and Field Marshal von Wrangel has been raised to the rank of Count.

LORD PALMERSTON was unanimously re-chosen on Monday "Master" of the Trinity House by the Elder Brethren of that corporation.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND and the MARQUIS OF AILESBUERY have had the insignia of Knight of the Garter conferred upon them.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE is gradually improving in health, and is now able to take daily airings in his carriage.

DIFFICULTIES have arisen between Persia and England with regard to the island of Berberin, in the Persian Gulf.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is preparing his reform speech for publication with a preface.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD has sent to Mr. Gregory, M.P., a fragment of the flag-staff which so long held aloft the Southern flag over the battered ruins of Fort Sumter.

THE PAUPERISM of the cotton-manufacturing districts continues to decline steadily.

THE REV. JAMES AMIRALX JEREMIE, D.D., succeeds Dr. Jenne in the deanery of Lincoln (worth £2200 a year). Dr. Jeremie is Regius Professor of Divinity in Cambridge.

CERTAIN ACTORS, about whose "gratuitous services" at Stratford-on-Avon so many handsome things have been said, have, it is said, sent in claims for remuneration. One of them demanded £50.

A SUBSCRIPTION OPENED IN DENMARK for the widows, orphans, and wounded of the war produced in a single day, at Copenhagen alone, upwards of 300,000*fr.* The King put his name down for 12,000*fr.* a year during a period of ten years.

THE STEAM-RAMS built by Messrs. Laird on the Mersey have been purchased by her Majesty's Government. The trial respecting them will, therefore, not take place.

A MAP has been discovered among the Royal collections at Windsor which has on it the earliest known instance of the word America. It is a map-monde, or map of the world, by Leonardo da Vinci.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON is understood to have offered himself as a candidate for the vacant chair of Mechanics, in the Academy of Sciences. Some opposition is made to his Majesty's claim; but his election may be considered quite safe.

A MALE BALLET-DANCER with only one leg is nightly "bringing the house down," at the Josefstadt Theatre, in Vienna.

LORD FREDERIC FITZROY, younger brother of the present Duke of Grafton and M.P. for Thetford, is announced as the Liberal candidate for the southern division of Northamptonshire at the next general election. The present members, Mr. R. Knightley and Colonel Cartwright, are both Conservatives.

BRITISH SOLDIERS PASSING TO AND FROM INDIA will hereafter be conveyed by the overland route, negotiations on that point between the Porte, the Viceroy of Egypt, and the British Government having been satisfactorily arranged.

JOSEPH LEATHER, ESQ., of Liverpool, has presented to the National Life-boat Institution £351 3*s.*, to pay the cost of an additional life-boat for New Brighton, at the mouth of the Mersey. Mr. Leather has also decided to replace the institution's boat at Holyhead by a larger and more powerful one.

MR. THORNYCROFT has been commissioned by her Majesty to execute one of the colossal groups for the base of the testimonial now in course of erection in Hyde Park to the memory of the late Prince Consort. The subject of Mr. Thornycroft's group will be an illustration of "Commerce."

EXPERIMENTS have lately been made at Hove near Brighton with electric light in fishing. The fish, attracted by the intense light, arrive in shoals at the surface of the water, and are taken without any difficulty with a net.

JOSEPH E. DAVIS, aged four years, second son of President Davis, fell from the portico of his father's house lately, a height of fifteen feet, fracturing his thigh and injuring his head. He lingered a day or two, and then died.

MR. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A., has been commissioned to execute one of the large sculptural groups for the Prince Consort Memorial about to be erected in Hyde Park.

A VERITABLE SOAP-MINE has been discovered in Esmeralda, California. The vein is ten feet wide, 600 feet long, and runs very deep. The soap when taken from the mine is as soft as putty, but hardens on exposure to the air.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.
(FOURTH NOTICE.)

WHEN we have mentioned a few more pictures we shall have exhausted the chief figure-subjects of the West Room. Mr. H. O'Neill's "Asleep" (371) is very pleasing, good in composition and in colour, while the attitude and expression are natural and graceful. In "The Love-Letters" (456) Mrs. Bridell shows a good eye for harmony of tints—the lady's dress, especially, being well-painted. Her half-angry, half-regretful look, too, is spiritedly rendered. "Try these Pair" (413), by Mr. Hardy, has considerable merit; as also has Mr. Crawford's "Meeting of Gainsborough and Margaret Burr" (382). M. Tissot's nameless little picture (403) is badly hung, but deserves inspection. A cavalier has had a brawl with some man whom he leaves bleeding, perhaps slain, beneath the flickering lamp before a shrine in the snowy street. He himself, seeing the lantern of the approaching watch, steals away into the darkness. The story is not very evident, and the painting not altogether pleasant, reminding us of Ley's in his least happy moods.

Sir Edwin's "Pensioners" (371) represents two old hunters turned out in a paddock, but stirred by the twang of the horns and the glinting of the pinks into a forgetfulness of age. The horses are painted with Sir Edwin's usual bold and effective style, and are exact to the life. We doubt if so much can be said for "Farmer," the favourite charger of the "Marquis of Ailes" (473), for Mr. Lutyens has contrived to make the animal's tail as large as its rider's body, which is unusual, to say the least of it.

The "Poachers" (388), by Mr. Oakes, should have been more favourably placed. As it hangs, it gives a wrong impression of size. A couple of otters are on the move in the early morning, just as the heron is winging its first slow journey back to its nest. The lithe, active creatures are looking for their prey in a broad stream, whose colour tells of the red, peaty nature of the land it has traversed. The plunging, foaming waterfall to the left of the picture in the foreground is wonderfully rendered, and the misty background and dim rocks—the topmost peak just catching the coming glory of day—are capably painted. No. 417, a string of horses in the Vallée de la Liéne—is well executed, but suggests a too close study of Rosa Bonheur's style to be healthy for Mr. Davis's originality. Mr. Ansdell's "Spanish Travellers" (367) again brings before us with all his good points that peculiar treatment of the skins of his animals to which we have elsewhere objected.

Mr. Creswick's north country "Beck" (470) is a most truly delicious English picture, and one of the best things we have had from the veteran artist for some time. The painting of the brook to the right of the picture, going back between shady trees, is thoroughly good in effect, and without trick. The animals (by Mr. Bottomley) are not equal to the rest of the picture. The figures which Mr. J. Sant has put into the "Bishopston Valley" (400) of his brother, Mr. G. Sant, are by no means open to this objection. They are quite in keeping with the landscape, which is one deserving the highest praise. The foreground of broken red earth, clothed with long grass and patches of russet fern, is full of a faithful and loving study of nature. The sky is just a thought cold; but the light—especially the misty ray coming over the hill-top on the left—has been managed very well, indeed. Mr. Hulme's "Ockham" (446) is bright with the very fulness of summer. The foliage is given with much truthfulness, and the whole picture pleasantly realises our dear green English lanes, just now bright with the tender hues of spring, but shortly to assume the richer tones of summer which Mr. Hulme has here so successfully reproduced.

The "Ruins of a Roman Bridge, near Tangier" (466) is one of Mr. Cooke's best pictures this year. The massive masonry, basking in the rosy glow of early dawn, stands defiant above the dwindled thread of water, widening here and there into placid pools—all that now represents the torrent

which once undermined but could not destroy the grand old structure. A passing caravan affords a few bright and effective points, and the foreground is very vividly painted. Mr. Cooper's best picture, too, is in this room—"April Showers" (472). The atmospheric effects are carefully studied, and the sheep, we need hardly say, well drawn. A clever but sketchy painting (373) by Mr. Kennedy should not be missed. It is, however, hardly up to the merit of his "Festa" last year. Mr. M. Anthony's "Silver Spring" (435) could not have been worse placed by one as ignorant of the necessities of art as the hanging committee suppose themselves to be informed of them. The impasto style of this artist's work should have procured it a place where the light would not fall so as to cover the whole picture with sparkles of light and blots of shade, in all sorts of incongruous places. We know there is merit in the picture, but to attempt to criticise it would be ridiculous.

We close our notice of this room with a word of commendation for Mr. Brown's "Quiet Pool" (368), Mr. Gill's "Welsh Scene" (390), Mr. Lupton's view in "Moor Park" (422), Mr. Downard's "Twilight" (436), with some well-painted sheep, and Mr. W. H. Paton's "Bonnet" (474). "On the Hill-top" (430), by Mr. Butler, is a careful and truthful study, deserving of great praise; and we gladly mention with commendation Mr. Beechey's "Eddystone" (416). The motion and colour of the sea are exceedingly real. We wish we could say the same for Mr. Lee's, in No. 451, which, out of mere consideration for the artist's repute, should have been withheld from public exposure.

The North Room this year contains, in our opinion, some of the chief gems of the Exhibition. It is here that Mr. Sandys shows the poetry and imaginative play of his mind, as well as his patience, observation, and skill.

The portraits in the Exhibition are, as a rule, things of which we avoid the inspection and mention. But yet they are an important and nationally valuable branch of art. In No. 546 Mr. Sandys shows us how the real artist can bring vividly before us the actual personality of his sitter. It is life itself; and we cannot help wishing, as we regard this masterpiece, that such a painter might be employed in animating canvas with the very presentment of our greatest men, that posterity may not be at a loss for an acquaintance with them. Oh that so faithful a hand had sent down to our day a living Shakespeare! The face of the old lady—the texture of the skin—the light in her eyes—the painting of the fur—indeed, every portion of this picture, is a mere marvel of exquisite skill and patient labour, the result of which is little short of reality. Behind the figure we look through an open door into a further apartment, where a mirror reflects back again the room where the lady is seated, and the window with its glimpse of wintry sky, and the artist's easel before it. A miniature reflection of this same easel and window, by-the-way, will be discovered mirrored on the glassy surface of the eyes—a touch of reality which would have escaped a less observant artist. Words, however, can only fail to describe the excellence of this work of art, before which we stand in wondering admiration.

As if prepared, however, to meet the objections of those who would speak of "technical dexterity" and "mere portraiture," Mr. Sandys in "Morgan le Fay" (519) gives evidence of imagination and fanciful conception not often equalled. The hint on which Mr. Sandys has amplified will be found in the following passage from Malory's "Morte d'Arthur":—

There came a damsel from Morgan to the King, and she brought with her the richest mantle that ever was seen in the Court, for it was set as full of precious stones as might stand one by another; and these were the richest stones that ever the King saw. And the damsel said "Your sister sendeth you this mantle, and desireth you that you will take this gift of her, and in what thing she hath offended you, she will amend it at your own pleasure." When the King beheld this mantle, it pleased him much but he said but little. And with that came the damsel of the lake unto the King and said, "Sir, I must speak with you in private." "Say on," said the King, "what you will." "Sir," said the lady, "put not on this mantle till you have seen more, till ye command the bringer thereof to put it upon her." "Well," said King Arthur, "it shall be done as ye counsel me." And then he said unto the damsel that came from his sister, "Damsel, this mantle that ye have brought, I will see it upon you." "Sir," said she, "it will not besecm me to wear a knight's garment." "By my head," said King Arthur, "ye shall wear it or it come on my back or any man that is here." And so the King made it to be put upon her, and forthwith she fell down dead, and never more spake word after, and was burnt to coals.

From this mediæval version of Deianira and the shirt of Nessus Mr. Sandys's fruitful fancy has conjured up a weird picture of the wicked enchantress muttering some charmed rhymes over the garment which she has just completed at the loom, while from a mystic lamp and blazing brazier she borrows the strange-coloured flames which she is depicted in the act of concealing in the rubies that adorn the robe. This idea is entirely Mr. Sandys's own, and shows how fruitfully his mind engraves itself with the dry old legends. The painting commands the warmest praise. It is rich and glowing, the drawing free from faults, and the composition clever. The green robe of the enchantress, the glowing gems, the variegated tongues of fire, the skeins of silk on the rushy floor, one and all blend their glorious hues deliciously in this fine picture. Beyond the loom we see the sunset sky, the misty-purple distance, and a silver stream, kissed by the sunset glory, wandering through the land. We must not omit mention, too, of the splendid painting of the leopard's skin bound round the enchantress's waist.

We hope to conclude our notice of the Academy next week.

THE SCANDINAVIAN GALLERY.

The fortunate establishment of an annual display of French and Flemish pictures in Pall-mall, and the extensive collection of foreign works of art in the International Exhibition, have by this time familiarised Londoners with the peculiarities of style which belong to their Continental neighbours; and we need only state that in the Scandinavian Gallery the list of contributors includes some names of fair celebrity and introduces us to others well deserving a more extended acquaintance.

The military associations of an exhibition "in aid of the widows and orphans of Danish soldiers killed in the present war" may excuse a slight superfluity of battle-pieces, of which class M. Armand Dumas's "Charge at Solferino" (2) is a fair specimen. There is action in it, with good drawing of men and horses, and an air of reality pervading the whole scene. The greatest genius, however, cannot make such a subject agreeable, and it is too often painful without being sublime. While speaking of battle-pieces, we may draw attention to the individuality and character infused by Loeschin into his "Charge of the Chasseurs d'Afrique at Orizaba" (70).

A far more pleasant sight is M. Antigna's "Washing in Brittany" (1). The figures, with perhaps the exception of the fishing-boy, are very charming, and the landscape pretty, though a little slight and scattered. The attitude of the girl is unaffected and graceful. Baudry's portrait of "Guizot" (13) is one of those pictures which command and deserve attention. Though a little hard in the flesh tints and wanting transparency somewhat in the shadows, it is admirable as an impersonation of life and character. It possesses wonderful drawing and masterly handling, and merits unqualified praise for its abandonment of those horrible conventionalities of composition to which, with but few exceptions, our own portrait-painters cling with reprehensible tenacity. Ricard's portrait of "Madame E." (119) must be highly commended for reasons somewhat similar. The flow of drapery is good, the flesh well painted, and the expression pleasing. But the painter was happy in his subject, for Madame is a most charming woman. "Turtle Doves" (20), by Comte, is quaint in design and pleasing in colour—a picture that could not fail to arrest the attention even if we were ignorant of the name of the artist. The face of the girl, however, is a little disappointing, and there seems to be a lack of air in the background. "A Dying Woman receiving the Sacrament" (25), by C. Dalgaard, though slightly gloomy and heavy in tone, has truth and feeling in composition and touch. It is, moreover, interesting for its graphic rendering of local peculiarities; for

instance, the peculiar form of the bed on which the old woman lies, reminding us of the cupboard-beds in old Scotch houses.

We cannot accord much praise to N. Simonsen's "Shipwrecked receiving Sacrament" (131). Clever it is, doubtless, in composition and technical qualities, but lacking truth in its effect, and substituting for it artificial and forced sentiment.

Nos. 46 and 48, by Jacob Hoff, are praiseworthy for simplicity of design and agreeable colour. No. 47, by the same artist, is inferior in both these requisites. H. Herzog's large "Wrestling-match at Interlaken" (49) shows considerable power in grouping and lifelike rendering of form and colour. Landscape and figures are harmoniously composed. Mrs. J. Moller's "Child's Pet" (101) evidences careful work and shows a host of detail well and successfully put in; but the whole picture lacks relief and makes us think the labour misplaced, since the result is hardly worthy of the elaboration bestowed on it. No. 102, the little seamstress employed on dolly's frock is pretty in design, the child's figure being very natural and easy. It has, too, the relief which we miss in its companion. Nordenberg's "Interior of a Farmhouse" (106) is very unequal in merit. The principal figure in it is by far the least happy. The right half of the picture is far preferable to the left, both in composition and execution. Virgin's "Italian Woman" (141) lacks tenderness in treatment, being deficient in greys and transparent shadows. It is cleverly drawn, too; but such a subject, if it have no technical qualities to recommend it, fails to charm the spectator for any time.

There is much feeling for truth of atmospheric effect in J. D. Frisch's "Danish Countrymen Ploughing" (29). The drawing is excellent; but perhaps the best point in the picture is the painting of the curtain of rain descending between the spectator and the sky to the left of the canvas. No. 28, by the same artist, does not seem so good. "Under the Lindens" (45), by Hoff, contains some excellent grouping, combined with good and harmonious colour. Individuality exists in the various figures, not unmixed with humour in some instances. A very pleasing picture, rather similar in subject, is Dansaert's "Festival" (26)—instinct with life and animation, and glowing with a rich sunlight. The "Interior of a Danish Steward's House" (125) is interesting, simple, and natural.

M. Gudin's "Departure of Admiral Doria" (40) is a work ambitious in design and treatment of a subject possessing inherent difficulties of considerable magnitude. At all times an attempt to represent pure sunlight lays the artist open to a series of successive struggles with his imperfect materials. The struggles are greatly increased when, as in the present case, the size of the canvas is large. Perhaps no one but our own Turner ever successfully mastered the difficulty of representing the full effulgence of diffused sunshine, spread over an extended space with the necessarily subtle scale of gradations implied and the limited reaches of his utmost light and dark. This picture of Gudin's deserves praise and consideration. He has avoided the difficulty of painting the sun by hiding its orb in a dazzling white mist, beneath which the sea spreads in myriads of diamond-crested sparkling ripples. The tender gradations over the entire work, and especially in the ships and water to the picture's right, the delightful wash and sparkle of the wave, and the lovely passages of colour in the shadow of the departing boat, render this picture a triumph of its kind. No. 41, by the same hand, is powerful, too, but melodramatic and sensational in effect. There is, however, in parts much fine feeling for harmonious colour. Very beautiful, though quite of a different school, is Daubigny's "Sunrise on the Oise" (21), with its subdued tone. Despite its blurred and too sketchy execution, the masterly feeling for light, trembling through the haze of early morn, combined with its solid painting and powerful composition, shows the innate sentiment and strength of the painter. Excellent, too, is a picture of a similar subject by F. Sorensen—"Early Morning on the Scotch Coast" (135). The clear light of daybreak scatters delicate tints over the cloud-drifts, half revealing the ridges and rifts of the lofty and stern grey mountain. The cold light on the surface of the waves, their motion and transparency, and the lie and movement of the returning craft, are all truly given, and with a masterly ability. In the same artist's No. 136 the atmosphere and the drawing of the waves, curling and folding in spreading ripples, are simply truthful, and earn our highest commendation. Melby's pictures, especially No. 96, display rare qualities, which command our warmest praise. The swell and run of the waves in his shipwreck are admirable, as is the colour, with his masterly broken lights on the watery ridges, and its truthful tone in sky and on land. It is with some misgiving that we observe a repetition of these tones with but slight modifications in the rest of his pictures here and in those so shamefully hung in the Royal Academy. We trust that so clever an artist will not confine himself to mere replication of an effect which, however natural, is only occasional. There is some attempt at diversity in his "Tantallon Castle" (93), but the general effect of this really able work is marred by a conventionality and paintiness in his mountain and rock, and a want of air and tenderness in the rendering of the distant castle.

W. Corde's "Shipwreck" (16) is a truthful rendering of foam in contrasted shadow. Brager's works show great excellence in drawing, but are most unfortunately disagreeable in colour. No. 24, the "Whirlwind off Balaklava," is worth attention for the vigour with which the artist has shown the utter helplessness of the big ship in the grasp of the storm.

The winter landscapes of F. Rohde are all admirable in drawing and harmonious and real in colour. We would particularise especially No. 121, which is a veritable gem.

The name of Kiorboe is associated with the masterly handling of animal form. Visitors to this gallery will at once recognise as an old friend the fine picture of "The Inundation" (59), which has become familiar to us all through the engraving. It is needless to speak of the sentiment and simple pathos of this picture, which are apparent to all. The painting is vigorous, and marked by solidity and textural truth, though wanting brilliancy and purity of colour. The companion picture, "The Rescue" (60), is not so good, though satisfactory as an assurance that the creatures who so enlisted our sympathy in the other painting were saved. No. 61 represents the shooting of one out of a couple of foxes in a snowy forest. The idea is repugnant to the notions of the British sportsman, but the work is a fine one if we can forget prejudices. Nos. 62 and 63 are also very meritorious.

There is a lovely effect of harmoniously-blended warm and cool tints in Kille's "Landscape in an Albanian Mountain" (67). The trees in front steeped in shadow, the sloping causeway with its stoness purpled with reflected light, and the burst of positive sunlight on the ramparts and cupolas of the city on the other side of the valley, are all united by the charm of simple veracity to atmospheric effect, combined with an appreciation of beauty in colour.

Both Lortet's pictures (68 and 69) possess agreeable qualities of composition, enhanced by richness of tone. The drawing of the glaciers seems good, but there is a slight opacity in the treatment, and a deficiency of life and vigour in the handling of the trees in the latter picture, as well as an unsatisfactory something in the water, which detract somewhat from these works of undoubted ability. Gronland contributes a charming cabinet picture, "Winter" (42). The sunlight on the snow lying on the branch is admirably given. The companion picture, "Summer" (43), though abounding in delicious passages of colour, is not quite up to the other in freshness of design.

"A Street Scene in Genazzano" (140), by Vermeiran, is a most successful rendering of sunlight. It is a picture full of delicate but powerful feeling for chiaroscuro. The reflected light on the gloomy arch, and the intense actual light thrown on the figure of a man leaning against a wall, should be studied.

"The Moonlight Rendezvous" (133), by Saal, is one of the best bits of moonlight painting it has been our good fortune to see. That great difficulty, colour in moonlight, has been grappled with with entire success. The gradations of tone are positively lovely—note the exquisite dash and glitter in the water to the right. The pose of the two figures is easy and graceful, arch yet tender. This picture alone is worth a visit to the Scandinavian Gallery.

"GIACINTA."

Our Engraving is taken from a picture by M. Lehmann, who has attained the true artistic merit of making even his single figures express or suggest some story, and has already gained a great reputation for these studies of Italian life. In the broad expressive face, the dark inscrutable eyes, and half retiring, half defiant, manner of this Italian gipsy may be discovered M. Lehmann's special acquaintance with that phase of existence in Italy which presents the pifferari, the strolling player, the conjurer, the improvisatore, the street-dancer, and all the variety of vagabondage.

M. Lehmann has recently been elected a member of the French Academy of Fine Arts, to which honour he was recommended by some large decorative paintings which have been recently executed.

One of these occupies the ceiling of the ball-room at the Hotel de Ville, and another decorates the Chamber of the Senate. The Chapel at St. Mary, and six religious paintings in the transept of the Church of St. Clotilde are also the work of this artist. M. Lehmann is best known to the public, however, as a portrait-painter and for his historical pictures; but his talents are so varied that he cannot confine himself to one branch of his art. One great evidence of the true appreciation which characterises M. Lehmann's works is that, even in a single figure like that represented in our Engraving, the lineaments and all the little accessories are lifelike. There is no attempt to produce mere artistic prettinesses, or to sacrifice truth to effect. Giacinta is a real, genuine Italian woman, with not a feature

softened, not a grace added, which would make it doubtful to what country or to what race she belonged. She stands boldly out, the type of the Bohemian classes in her country; and, without aping the uncommon or romantic, is as unmistakably the Giacinta of every-day life as though she had been photographed as she woke up from her siesta under the shadow of that old wall.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

In 1862 the Metropolitan Board of Works obtained their bill for the embankment of the Thames from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars, and for the formation of new streets in connection with that work, which will ultimately be carried out on both sides of the

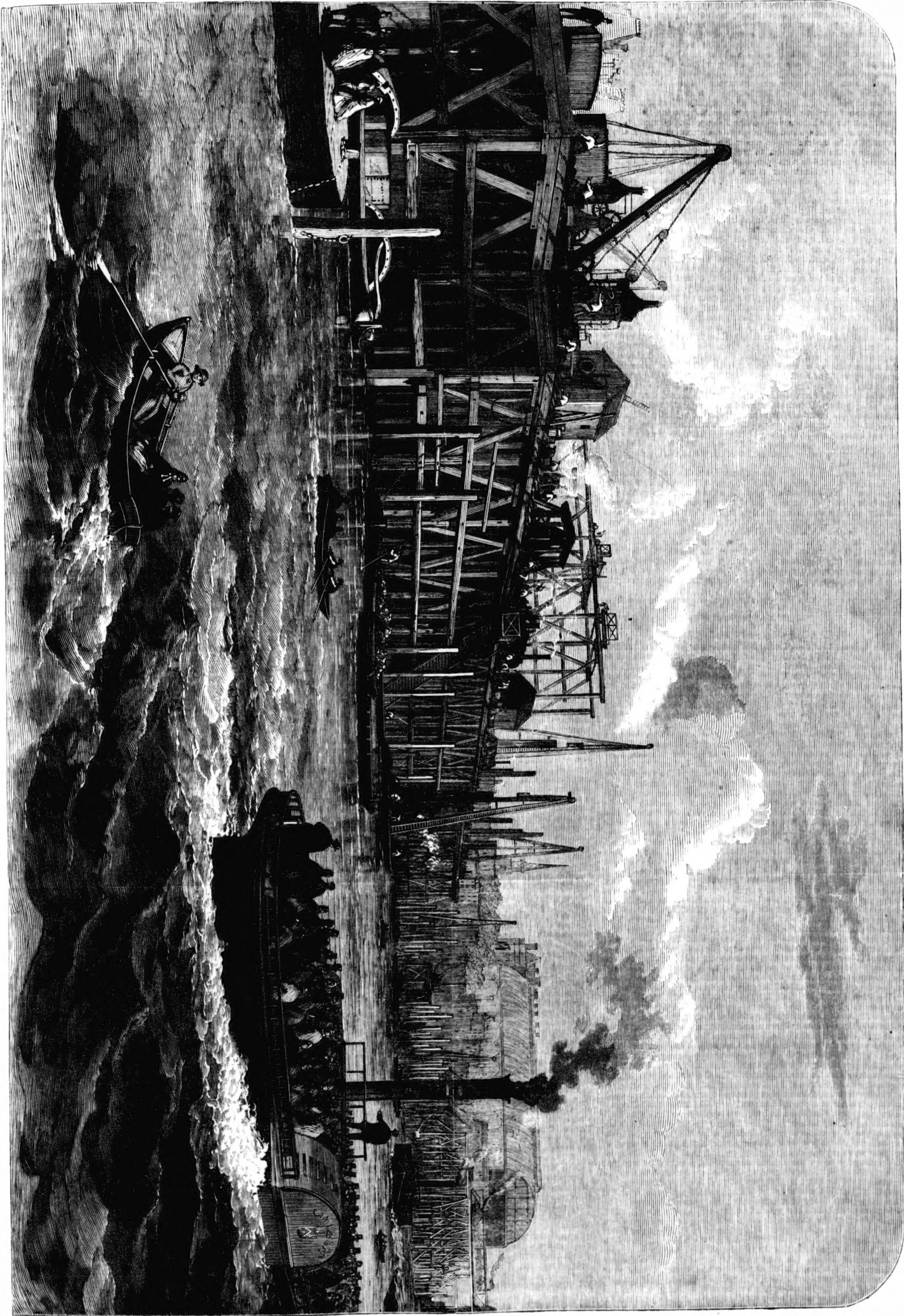


"GIACINTA."—(FROM A PICTURE BY LEHMANN.)

river, but which is now in process of construction only on the north shore, between Westminster Bridge and the Temple. The treble object which this plan has in view is, the most effective and economic relief of our crowded streets by the formation of a wide thoroughfare which shall greatly improve the navigation of the river, and also afford an opportunity of making the low-level sewer without disturbing the Strand or Fleet-street. The embankment reaching from Westminster Bridge to the eastern boundary of the Temple is the part which has been first commenced, and which is being rapidly pushed forward. On this portion of the works a roadway 100 ft. wide will be constructed; and its continuation from the Temple to Chatham-place will be not less than 70 ft. in width. The first specification relates to the formation of a length of 3740 ft. of embankment wall, exclusive of the piers of Hungerford and Waterloo Bridges, and reaching from the north-

east corner of Westminster Bridge to a point some short distance beyond Somerset House. The low-level sewer and subway will run generally parallel with this wall, and will involve the additional construction of about 3200 ft. of brick sewer, to intercept and receive the contents of the smaller sewers and drains that now pour their stygian tributaries into the river. Where cofferdams are employed by the engineer, the piles will be cut off at a certain level instead of being drawn. This wise course was adopted in concurrence with a timely suggestion with respect to the foundations of the Houses of Parliament; otherwise great danger would have occurred from the disturbance of material and the formation of cavities. The excavations are 20 ft. at the least below the Ordnance datum, and lower where the nature of the soil requires extra precautions. The concrete with which the trench is to be filled to a level of twelve feet and a half below datum

will be allowed to become thoroughly hard and consolidated before the footings of the wall are commenced. This wall, built at a true slope, will consist of brickwork, laid in courses at right angles with the front line, solidly bedded and thoroughly bonded with a granite facing, which will be carried down to a level of 8 ft. below datum. Wherever the engineer may think fit, concrete blocks will be substituted for the brickwork of this river-wall. The low-level sewer, 7 ft. 9 in. in the clear diameter, for a length of 1820 ft., will be built on concrete foundation; and its width from the junction of Victoria-street sewer will be increased 8 ft. 3 in. for the rest of its length. The whole will consist of brickwork 13½ in. thick; and it will be surrounded with concrete, which is to be carried upwards to receive the subway. This latter work, designed to obviate the need of pulling up the public thoroughfare, will be also of solid brickwork, and will have a clear



THE PROGRESS OF THE WORKS FOR THE THAMES EMBANKMENT: VIEW LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

span of 9 ft., the interior height of its arch being 7 ft. 6 in. It will be imbedded, like the low-level sewer, in concrete; and at intervals of 6 ft., subway, sewer, and river-wall will be tied into each other by counterfort walls 1 ft. thick, extending 9 in. beyond the further side of the sewer, and based on footings 9 ft. below datum, which are to be bedded on a concrete foundation 1 ft. thick. At all practicable points, the walls generally will be bonded into each other, so that the whole, with the concrete at the back of and around them, will form a compact structure, and where hollows are likely to occur they will be filled by the running in of cement, by careful ramming, and by every other possible means to attain the desired end of perfect solidity and consequent strength.

So much for the hidden works of the Thames Embankment, which, like the main drainage and other great subterranean schemes, will necessitate the destruction or removal of many existing conduits. Let us now turn our attention to the outward and visible plan of this improvement—to this projected alteration of the map of London. Let us throw our minds into the magnificent state of things foretold by architectural drawings and water-colour pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy and elsewhere. Along a superb quay, on the margin of a fair and limpid river, which reflects the cobalt sky and floating silver cloudlets so peculiarly characteristic of our London atmosphere, the imagination may behold all that the skill of the draughtsman has already foreshadowed. Instead of a cramped and crowded carriage-way, like Cheap-side between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, there is a wide, level, open road, with here and there a prancing horse, and with plenty of space for the coming omnibus and the swift and roomy hansom of the future. New piers and landings connect the road and water traffic, bringing the cabs and penny steamers into intimate relationship. The very starting-point of the embankment, at Westminster Bridge, is a commodious and imposing jetty. The main roadway comes with a downward sweep from Bridge-street; and parallel to the whole length of the new thoroughfare; and at the back of the embankment workings, though covered from view, is the Metropolitan Extension Railway. This line, on a level with the old ways and the shore of the river, will be arched over and hidden by the higher surfaces of the embanked road. The first wide street leading up from the river way will be formed by an opening opposite the Horse Guards. The great thoroughfare along the embankment, thus prospectively surveyed, is not wanting in adornments. Thirty-four lamp-pedestals, each with a bronze lion's head and a large mooring-ring of hammered gun metal, stand in boldly prominent array on the outer edge of the embankment. Every pedestal is to have at its back a counterfort of brickwork 3 ft. thick, built over and around the arch of the subway, which is itself to be coated on its outside circumference with an inch-thick layer of Claridge's patent Seyssel asphalt.

It was intended to carry the roadway from the Temple eastward to Blackfriars on a viaduct, and this plan is the one authorised by Parliament; but, as the works must in a great measure go hand in hand with those of the new line of railway, and as there is a probability of that line being "put in solid," the idea of an arched viaduct will perhaps be abandoned. Meanwhile, it is certain that the most important change effected by the Thames Embankment will be perceived in that portion of the work already begun. The mudbanks, the foul and dreary wharves, the rotting timber boat-houses, the dirty tumble-down dwellings and half-deserted offices, will, in due course of time, have given place to the stately pictorial vision we have already passed in view before the mental gaze of our readers.

Our Engraving shows the present state of the works as seen from Westminster Bridge.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE talk all this week has been about horses, and little besides. Politics have been generally thrust aside as impertinences. The great event of the Derby, and the question "Who will secure the blue ribbon of the Turf?" have been deemed of more importance than the fate of the Government and the prospects of political parties. There is, however, under all this temporary interest a good deal of anxiety about the coming crisis, for that a crisis is not far off our quidnuncs generally believe. Albeit, nobody can tell in what form it will appear. Some assert that something will come out of the Conference. "This Conference," said my political gossip, whom I met with in the park by the side of the Row, "is a failure, my friend. It will break up without doing anything, and, after the armistice, everything will be in status quo." "Well," said I, "and what then? Do you see any cloud rising out of the failure?" "Yes; our fellows mean to propose a vote of want of confidence in the foreign policy of the Government, and beat it. Johnny has mismanaged this business awfully, and we mean to bring him to book." "We shall have a dissolution, then?" "Yes, in less than a month; and then, my boy, we shall show you there is a reaction, and come back with a large majority. The country is tired of all this temporising." "You think, then, that the country wishes for war, and that Lord Derby will gratify its wishes?" "Yes, I do; and it's time we went at it, before Denmark is swallowed up and Germany gets control over the Baltic." "I am quite aware that this vote of confidence is threatened; still I don't think it will ever be proposed, or, if proposed, carried." "Not carried? Why, there are not ten men in the house who are on the side of the Germans." "Perhaps so; but, on the other hand, I do not believe there are fifty who would vote for war. Remember that not a single Conservative leader has said a syllable in favour of a war policy. Depend upon it, Mr. Blogg, that Lord Derby will think twice before he raises the war-cry. It is all very well for you political gossips to chatter about war—you, who have no responsibility; but the men who would have to prosecute the war and be responsible to the country and the world for all its pernicious consequences and issues will be very cautious how they begin it." "You think that we shall have no crisis, then?" "I fancy not at present. I think that the Government will hold on through the Session. But I should not be surprised if Lord Palmerston were to dissolve in the autumn. There are, I think, signs that Parliament is near its end. For example, Government has no bills of any consequence upon the paper—not a single measure of importance. This looks as if it had settled to go to the country speedily, and did not wish to excite enmity; for important bills, be they never so good, are sure to make enemies in some quarter. Then, again, there is the pronouncement of Gladstone. I feel confident that this is the programme of the Government, deliberately agreed upon, and assuredly sent forth as the precursor of a general election." "Poh! Nonsense! It was a mere escapade of Gladstone, and means nothing more than that he is an erratic, rickety fellow." "Yes, I know that this is the opinion which our Conservatives hold. This is what the Carlton believes, or believes that it believes. But lay not that flattering unctious to your soul, my friend; depend upon it, that the extension of the suffrage is to be the Liberal war-cry at the next election; and I fancy that the announcement of this is a sign that the battle is soon to be fought. But, to comfort you, I will venture upon a prophecy." "What is it?" "Well, I should not be surprised if this 'cry' were to get you a majority; for you see the artisans, to whom the 'cry' is more specially addressed, have no vote, and I doubt whether the shopkeeper class will be found willing to give them votes. So comfort yourself, my friend." "But do you think that Palmerston has assented to this policy?" "Yes; I suspect he has. I think it probable that he said something like this:—'Under no circumstances can you expect me to be your leader in another Parliament. You must take your own course then. Choose your own leader and your own policy.' "How is the old gentleman?" "As well as can be expected; but he will certainly not be the leader of the House next Parliament."

Whether or not the prisoner now under sentence of death for poisoning in France, and whose trial has recently attracted so much attention, is entitled to call himself Count is possibly open to question; but that there exists in France a noble family of the same name is proved by reference to the recognised authorities on these matters. The Pommerais arms, it seems, consist of a golden apple-tree laden with fruit guarded by a red dragon. The motto is one of

those of a punning character of which heralds seem to have been so fond, "Quis poma aurea tanget"—Who shall touch the golden apple?

There is to be a fête champêtre and grand fancy bazaar at the residence of the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale at Twickenham on the 1st and 2nd of June on behalf of the funds of the French Benevolent Society. The fête is under the immediate patronage of Queen Marie Amélie, the members of the Orleans family, Princess Mary of Cambridge, the ladies of several of the foreign Ambassadors, and a host of the élite of the British aristocracy. The Princess of Wales has promised to attend on the first day, and all the illustrious personages who have come to this country for the wedding of the Comte de Paris are also expected to be present. The arrangements are under the superintendence of M. Godillot, of Paris, organiser of the Imperial fêtes, and most novel and brilliant effects are anticipated. The society was founded in 1842, under the patronage of the then French Ambassador, Count St. Aulaire, for the relief of poor French residents of London, irrespective of religious creeds or political opinions, and numbers among its benefactors King Louis Philippe and his consort, Queen Amélie, the Count de Chambord, the Emperor of the French, &c.

I send a very ingenious dialogue, found on a placard posted on a statue of the Pope:—

Query. What ails the Pope? Answer. Tumore (tumour).—Q. What's the cause of it? A. Strike out the initial T—Umore (moisture).—Q. What will be the consequence of it? A. Strike out the initial U—more (he dies).—Q. When is it going to happen? A. Strike out the initial M—Ore (within a few hours).—Q. And who'll take his place? A. Strike out the initial O—Re (the King).—Q. Which King? A. Strike out the initial R—E (Emmanuele).

Mr. Vincent Wallace is engaged in composing an opera for the Grande Opera in Paris, and it is hoped by his friends that it may be received with a degree of favour proportionate to that which has attended the performance of the works of this composer in Germany.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

On Saturday last the "Hamlet" so long promised and so long announced was produced at the Lyceum. I say *the* "Hamlet" for others when compared to it will fade into creaking, little undertakers' men dressed up in funeral haberdashery and turned loose upon a stage to mutilate dramatic poetry. I can understand how the old pit-critics—men in camel cloaks with frizzy collars fastened by clasps and small chains; men with any amount of black satin cravat, with a top dressing in the shape of an enormous piece of linen, hiding the cheek and galling the ear; men "who had seen John Kemble, Sir;" who "knew what acting was, Sir;" who "were not a pack of young puppies, Sir;" men who finish every sentence they utter with "Sir;"—I can understand, I say, their utter bewilderment at this noble rendering of a grand work. Where are the wings, those upright and shaky pillars of the dramas that had stood since the days of Sir William Davenant? Gone! Where are the footlights, that used to dazzle the eyes and throw the shadows on the actors' faces the wrong way? Sunk! The very prompter's box is in the middle of the stage. What becomes of the old stage directions in venerable Cumberland? How can Rosencrantz exit P. S. or O. P. when there is no prompt side to start from? The ghosts of these critics' fathers might as well revisit the glimpses of the limelight and demand the restoration of the fat-pans and the candles of their youth, as for the old pit-critic to hope for the departed glories, blunders, and discomforts, without which "What is the theatre, Sir?"

Then the tones of the actors' voices! All wrong again, from the old pit-critic, poodle-collar point of view. Not a single character growled or grunted throughout the play. Where were those thunderous and umbilical tones which it is the custom to consider "elevated" dramatic poetry? Where were the old "points," the old glances at the pit, the old crossings of the stage when a good thing has been said and the actor "went in" for applause? Hamlet spoke only as became a Prince who was a gentleman and a scholar—was tender, not coarse, with Ophelia—severe, not brutal, with his mother—did not call the Lord Chamberlain "a calf" to his face before the Court—as in the fine old fifty-years-bottled deep-voiced traditional reading, all of the old time. Even the Ghost did not inform his son of his untimely end in the accents of a used-up bassoon, but with sorrow and affection—as it were like a father to a son—a very dangerous innovation. Ophelia, that "rose of May," was not made a queenly woman of the world, self-reliant, self-possessed, and conscious of her charms, but a simple, artless, too-loving girl. Polonius, not a sort of tolerated jester, in consideration of his long services always retained at the Court; nor did Osric "haw-haw" like a footman, dressed up in his master's clothes. In fine, every line of a great poem has been carefully thought out and elaborated, not with the trickiness of professed pre-Raphaelitism, but with the careful and conscientious study of scholarly men, determined to excel; and, without searching after mere novel and sensational readings, new beauties have been developed at the same time that every mouldy cobweb of conventional fogginess has been swept away. I need hardly praise the scenery, for the scenery is beautiful at most of our theatres. As I have mentioned, the "wings" are done away with; so are those other eyesores, the sky borders—those huge pieces of canvas painted blue, supposed, by true believers, to be a faithful representation of the starry firmament. Every interior is built up and solid as the courts in the Crystal Palace; and I cannot but congratulate Mr. Fechter and Mr. Telbin on the admirable taste that has kept the setting subordinate to the diamond. The scenery illustrates the play, not the play the scenery. At the Lyceum "Hamlet" is not only a sight—it is Shakespeare's "Hamlet" *avant tout*. Mr. Fechter's conception and delineation of the principal character are well known to playgoers and to theatrical and Shakespearean students. It is Hamlet the inactive, Hamlet the tender, weak, vacillating, and melancholy; Hamlet the irresolute; Hamlet, whose very virtues are converted into their opposites by a too dominant sentimentality; Hamlet the sufferer and not the doer, the thoughtful, and the unheroic. Mr. Emery, as Claudius; Mr. Brougham, as Polonius; and Mr. Shore, as Horatio, are also to be congratulated on their excellent and delicate rendering of the characters assigned to them. Mr. F. Charles gave admirable proof of his artistic intelligence in sacrificing the conventional "points" usually aimed at the "groundlings" by making Osric a flippant and empty courtier and not a swaggering, high-voiced coxcomb. Miss Kate Terry, in her earlier scenes, opened out a new view of Ophelia, and so touched the feelings of her auditors that a real ovation followed both her first and second mad scenes. The remainder of the *dramatis personæ* were intelligently played.

The ghost in "The Corsican Brothers" again walks at the PRINCESS'S, the two separate twins rolled into one being personated by Mr. George Vining. The part of Monsieur de Chateau-Renaud falls to Mr. Walter Lacy, who has been engaged expressly for the representation of that accomplished roué and duellist. I have not seen the performance, therefore cannot report upon it. I may say, however, that on the first night of its production the theatre was honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. As it was the Queen's birthday, the National Anthem was sung, and the good folks in the gallery cried the Prince and cheered, and his Royal Highness bowed from his box. On the evening of the Derby Day the Princess's was closed. A severe domestic affliction prevented Mlle. Stella Colas from appearing. As some people are fond of attributing all sorts of reasons for an actress's indisposition, I may as well mention that Mlle. Colas's father is upon the point of death.

A PLANTATION OF FIR-TREES situated on Brin Moss, Inc, near Wigan, and on land belonging to Sir Robert T. Gerard, Bart., of Garwood, has been completely destroyed by fire. An incendiary is supposed to have been at work.

THE TOTAL COST of the Ordnance Survey Department, including military pay and every contingency, from the year 1791 to the 31st of March, 1864, was £2,991,624, divided as follows:—England, £1,303,764; Ireland, £1,083,593; Scotland, £604,267.

OUR FEUILLETON.

MORN AND MIDNIGHT ON "DARBY" DOWNS.

THE picture of a solitary individual abroad and astrir in Epsom town while it is yet so early that but a slender slip of sunlight twinkles on the bed-room windows on one side of the road, and the pigeons of the place still strut fearlessly upon the pavement, and the policeman has not yet abandoned that solemn, measured tramp which is his night tramp, and very different from the free-and-easy, slack-knee'd step with which he moves through the town when it is up and alive, is likely to suggest thoughts on the probable business of the solitary one—especially as his way tends to the lane which leads to the Downs—of a not particularly flattering sort. Perhaps he is a "tout," or, in other words, a horse spy and a skulker, on his way to the exercise-ground, there to climb a tree or lie flat on his face in the grass, timing the pace of the racers and making note of it. Perhaps he is a hired ruffian with sharp stones in his pocket to be strewn over the ground where Blair Athol takes his morning "breather," in the diabolical hope that one of them may pierce the innocent foot of that sensitive creature and cripple him everlastingly. Perhaps, again—and I think he does look a little too respectable to be either a tout or a horse-lamer; he is more F. than R., as the saying is—some restless wretch of a grocer or pork-butcher, who has pawned his shop and what there is in it, and his wife's earrings and best gown, and his own shirt-studs and silver hunting-watch, that he may "get well on" a horse which, though at long odds, is a "certainty," and of which he has got the "tip," for the small charge of a guinea, from that wideawake tipster "Weazle," of the *Spouting Life*. Perhaps it is "Weazle;" but that is scarcely likely; so remarkable a character must surely be known to the police, whereas the early bird in question passes the representative of the Epsom constabulary without so much as an exchange of nods.

No, the solitary one is neither a "tout," nor a horse-lamer, nor a Pork-butcher, nor "Weazle;" he is the reader's very humble servant, the writer, who flatters himself that at this time, five o'clock in the morning of the 25th of May, there is not a happier man in Epsom; and this because he has no sort of business at Epsom at all. He has nothing to sell, no "flays" to let, no appointments to keep, and he doesn't care twopence whether the Derby laurels are carried off by Cambruscan or the rankest outsider. He has already partaken of a cup of coffee and a crust, and his breakfast will be ready at ten o'clock, when he will return to it. Meanwhile, he has plenty of tobacco and some pipe-lights, and an umbrella in case it should rain, and he is bound for Epsom Downs; and if the reader has a mind we will link arms and leisurely stroll thither together.

Pompeii, on the morning of the day of its devastation, could not have exhibited more serenity than does Epsom town as we enter it from the clock-tower end. Absolutely certain as it is that within six short hours the place, road and pavement, will be overrun by a reckless host, a ravening host, hungry as locusts and as indomitably bent on devouring every green thing—a parched host, thirsting for drink as the sands of the desert—an uproarious host, fishing for mischief and helter-skelter devilry as though mischief was the essential salt of their lives, and only to be had for the scrambling after once a year at Epsom. Inevitable as is all this, the Epsomites slumber in content; the white blinds at the chamber windows are tranquil as though it were a Sunday morning; and, looking up and down the High-street, the only out-thrust and anxious head appears under a tumbled nightcap at an upper window of the Spread Eagle Tavern, and can belong to no other than a betting-man, whose "book" is made up to the finest points of wind and weather, and who really ought to pull through, considering how handsomely he has backed Providence for sunshine. A little way up a green lane there is the Epsom police-station, and there, in anticipation of a tremendously hard day, two policemen are on duty, one of them in his shirt-sleeves hanging out a black-bird among the flowering creepers that grow about and above the door, and the other with a fragrant pipe at full blast, while with a wisp of bass he secures a refractory hollyhock growing in the pretty garden in front. I should like to see the cells at Epsom station-house. I believe they are made of lattice-work and painted the cheerfulest green, with a cool thatched roof covered with stonecrop. If I were condemned to hard labour there I should expect it to consist in shelling green peas or making reed squeakers for the inspector's children. Perhaps, however, I might find myself mistaken. If I were a professional evil-doer on my first visit to Epsom on a Derby Day, and, seeing the tasty little station-house, laughed to think how easy it would be to break out of it if by ill-luck a policeman interrupted me at business at the Grand Stand, I certainly should be very much mistaken; for, knowing the said Grand Stand from the flag-staff to the cellars, I likewise know of a particularly dingy and secure apartment there, in which the police stow brawlers and pickpockets until it is convenient to convey them away in the evening.

Talking of the Grand Stand, as we top that steep and dusty hill, up which many thousands of men, Jack-o'-lantern light of heart, have climbed as buoyantly as though at top were to be found certain rest and luxury that would last, and down which exactly the same number, to a single one, have toiled as wearily as though it were the flintiest steep, chokeful of despair and amazement, and grateful to their jaunty green gauze veils for hiding their troubled faces,—mounting this hill, we come in sight of Mr. Dorrington's palace of deal boards, glistening white in the morning sun, and recalling to the mind various images, some profane and gay, and some scriptural as well as sepulchral, but withal a well-pitched edifice, and affording capital observation of the racecourse. Everyone is satisfied with the management of the building, including, it is generally understood, the manager; and no wonder, when he is able to accommodate five thousand visitors, and the ready-money system is rigidly enforced.

Satisfactory, however, as are the Grand-stand arrangements, it seems to me that in one department at least there is room for improvement. I allude to the "betting-ring," which is most unsavourily situated just under the noses of the best class of Grand-stand visitors. Being commonly engaged in raising mammoth, a few whiffs of brimstone of a coarser quality than ordinary might be tolerated in the nostrils of the "upper ten;" but when it comes to sulphur of the Saffron-hill sort, when one is compelled to the reflection that a good per centage of the coarser-monger clamour heard below is the self-same that gave tongue on the Field-lane ruins on Saturday last, and that the gentleman in the bran new pailot and glossy hat, from whose mouth the idea of the patent expanding trunk might have taken its origin, and who is so industriously yelping as to the odds he will lay on this, that, and the other, is the same individual who is to be seen any day in the neighbourhood above mentioned, luring numskull butcher-boys and shoemakers' apprentices to stake their half-crowns and shillings, the result is not pleasing to one's dignity or manhood. Is there no room in the cellars for these yellow flies? Or, better still, could they not be accommodated on the roof? If they could, it would be better for themselves—better for everybody. They would no longer offend the organs of sight, and hearing, and smell, in honest men; and they, by being enabled to look out far and wide, would be spared that minute of horrible torture when the racers are lost behind the hill—when they go down like a doubtful swimmer in deep and weedy water, who will presently rise to fling up his arms and drown, or show his confident face and his lusty shoulders, sure tokens of peril past. How will it be? The pulsings of the desperate betting-man's heart took the time of his horse's hoofs—hurrup! hurrup! hurrup!—over the springy turf when he last saw him; and if that "hurrup" has increased in speed in the same degree with the thumping under the wretch's waistcoat, the gallant horse will "land" the stakes to a certainty. But it is doubtful—so horribly doubtful, that the betting-man's arterial steed will surely gallop itself out of life unless the other makes great haste. Now for it! Now we shall know! No, not yet! Was there ever such a crawling match? For less than a little minute the horses are lost behind the hill, yet there is time enough for the gambler to review all his business with that horse—that magnificent

horse—that infernal horse. “Bless him! he’s sure to win. Confound him! why did I lay a penny on him?” He thinks of what that cautious fellow, Brown, told him, and curses himself for not taking the advice; and again, in the thousandth part of a second, on what Jones put him up to, and reviles himself as an idiot or thinking for a moment on anything that such a timid donkey as Brown should say. So he shifts his few miserable straws from left to right, and tortures himself with the problem of sink or swim until—

But, really, to discuss the emotions of the man of “Mammon’s acre” is not the purpose of this paper. Who cares whether he sinks or swims? Sink he must some day, and as well to-day as to-morrow. He is like a pig which, swimming against the tide, inevitably cuts his throat with his hoofs. It doesn’t matter. He didn’t fall into the flood—was not pushed in. He took a deliberate “header,” trusting to the “Betting-man’s Guide,” with all the latest dodges and improvements, as a life-belt. The “Guide” instructed him that the best way to catch fat fish floating blindly with the stream was to take the tide the other way and meet them. And a very profitable game he found it until the “spoony” fry came to know the snout of the hungry pike, and avoided him. Then, in desperation, up came the hoofs for one good, bold dash among the minnows, and his gullet is slit beyond repair. And a good job done. A good job if every pig of the fiendish breed would follow the example of that ancient herd recorded in Sacred Writ, and gratify us with a last view of their heels over the shingle of the seabach.

Let us turn our backs on the Grand Stand, where the sweepers are busily sweeping and the upholsterers are tacking up extra red baize for the great occasion, and on the high-railed ring, within which a labourer is hard at work gathering up yesterday’s crumpled sandwich-papers and orange-peel; and on the “course,” on which a dozen men are busy with shovels and brooms and rammers, smoothing out the dents in the turf made by yesterday’s racers, and filling up every hole with almost as much care as a joiner prepares a dining-table for polishing. With these—at least, at present—we have nothing to do. We have climbed the hill, not on business, but for pleasure’s sake, and for the gratification of an idle curiosity to know the kind of figure cut by Epsom Downs early in the morning of the great race. It could scarcely be called idle curiosity either, since it grew out of much speculation and laboured puzzling on the singular fact—as proved by observation from the window of our lodging at the London end of the town—that whereas, since Monday morning, at least five thousand individuals had turned into the lane that leads to the hill stop of which the downs begin, not more than two thousand had come back again up to a late hour on Tuesday night. What had become of those other three thousand? What were they doing out on the bleak downs? Where did they sleep? and how?—for although many had gone up with carts and waggons and smart caravans with a chimney in the roof and a knocker on the door, in which it was easy enough to lie snug and warm; hundreds had tramped it afoot, carrying neither bag nor baggage, not so much as a little bundle no bigger than a night-shirt would make. Neither had they any money; for regularly as, limping along on their crooked-heel boots, they came to Bonser’s ham-and-beef shop, with its pillars of bristlet and its rounds in mighty hillocks, and a greater number of sausage-rolls than would have filled a cornbin, they invariably halted and indulged in a visionary banquet, picking out the crustiest of the new penny loaves and helping themselves to fat, and to lean, and to mustard, and taking a bite at the German sausage, and going leisurely in for a ham-knuckle, with pickled cabbage; meanwhile soothing their cruelly-tantalized stomachs under cover of their trouser-pockets; but never on a single occasion had I observed them to enter Bonser’s shop, which I am sure they would have done had they even so much as the price of a sausage-roll about them. Penniless, hungry, and so tired that, even after the first imaginary plateful outside Bonser’s, they might be seen, yawning and blinking as they lean against the brass window-rail, what on earth could take them to Epsom Downs, and what did they find there that, liking it so very much, they could not leave it? This was part of the riddle it was the purpose of our excursion to solve, but it proved a tougher business than was anticipated. It was a perfect hedgehog of a riddle—the closer you approached it the tighter it curled itself up. There they were, the hungry and penniless ones, crouched against the outer canvas of the booths, huddled dogwise under carts and vans, or lying blankly on the open plain with their faces to the earth, and their caps for a pillow, and their ugly heads of hair blending with the grass and bedewed like it. This, as regards some of them—the lazy ones, or, may be, the midnight arrivals who had manfully achieved the twenty and odd miles from Whitechapel Church to Epsom Clock-tower, but had been dead beaten by the hill, and, spent and pluckless, as soon as they came to a nice soft bit of turf, had there plunged down, in much the same spirit as mad folks plunge from a bridge for a water cure for all their aches and pains.

It seemed so certain that they were lying uncomfortably that it was a great temptation to wake them; but when on looking about one saw what they were like when they were awake, the inclination was immediately checked. They were perfect images of neglect, and famine, and dust—especially of dust. Dust was in their hair, their eyes, and their ears; it came in puffs out of the rents and holes in their boots when they walked; it lodged on the ledges the cobbles and patches made in their jackets and trousers; their very skin had the hue of a dusty old felt carpet, and looked as though, if you attempted to beat it, you would be instantly smothered. Yesterday’s dust and yesterday’s sweat mingled to make their thin hands and faces loathsome, and yesterday’s hunger and weariness looked out at their heavy eyes. Some of them, in groups of fours and fives, crouched over a spluttering, smoky fire of gorse and green sticks, were warming their cramped limbs (for, the reader must know, the wind blew chilly at six o’clock on a May morning on Epsom Downs); some meekly skulked close to the big fires the coffee-venders had by this time kindled under their kettles; and some, the youngest, hung about such of the company as chanced to be engaged in the consumption of victuals, fawning and looking up for a bit like drovers’ dogs at a cattle-fair. There was one boy whom I distinctly recollected as gazing in at Bonser’s window yesterday, and now, with about an equal prospect of success, he was Bonserising a fair-going looking sort of person with knee-breeches of velvet, and a cap made of the skin of some bristly animal, and who, squatting on the grass with some cold boiled beef and a loaf, and some beer in a tin bottle, between his outstretched legs, was calmly discussing his breakfast. Presently the beefsteak took a bite out of a big crust and then laid it down without the boundary of his legs, and Bonser, regarding it as a waste, was down upon it instantly. Not so quickly, however, as the beefsteak was down upon him. He caught Bonser in the very act, and gave him a rap on the knuckles with the buckhorn handle of his big clasp-knife.

“Hook it, will yer! yer (something) young prig,” said he, grinning, with his mouth full of boiled beef; as poor Bonser gave a howl and a wriggle, and got out of his way. He wriggled close to where I was standing, and, presuming on our slight acquaintance, I ventured to address him—

“Did I not see you yesterday in Epsom town, my man?”

For an instant Bonser’s boy took in my length and breadth with a glance peculiar to London boys and robins, and then, not feeling fully assured that I was not something in the detective line, replied evasively,

“Well, what on it?”

“Nothing to me,” I said; “only you seemed to be looking for something to eat then; and, unless I’m mistaken, that is what you are doing now.”

“That’s what I am doing,” replied Bonser, once more furtively taking my measure while he sucked his sore knuckles. “You don’t happen to have a job as would bring a cove in as much as would fetch a bit of grub and a drop of coffee—eh, gvnor?”

“Yes, I have,” I replied; “as easy a job as you are likely to find. Answer me three questions, and I will give you a shilling. To begin with, what brought you to Epsom?”

“Chance of picking up a bob or so,” replied Bonser, promptly, and with his hands behind him, as though I was questioning him

out of the Church Catechism. “That’s what brings all us coves down here,” and he gave a comprehensive sweep with his chin, indicating that by “us coves” he meant the sleepers on the grass and the crouchers by the fires.

“In what way?”

“Forty ways,” replied Bonser, with difficulty concealing his contempt for my ignorance; “there’s the o’rect card coves—two bob a dozen at the Stand, and a werry tidy pull for coves with a bit of money to lay out; and then there’s cigar-lights, and dolls to stick in the hats, and noses and hair, and clean yer boots, and all sorts of amooosing things for gents what wins. Then there’s the brushing coves, and them as fetches water, and them as looks arter the empty bottles and the bones. Lor! I can’t tell you half on ‘em.”

“And do they all find it worth their while to tramp all the way from London and back again?”

“Well, don’t yer see, it’s all speckleration, and that’s the beauty on it,” replied Bonser, wagging his head admiringly. “You never know what’s going to turn up one minnit from another. Why, I knows a man who once had a pound give him for fetching a pail of water. It’s all luck, don’t yer know. You might make a crown and you mightn’t make enough to get a lift home in a wan.”

“Are there many such unlucky ones?”

“I believe yer. Old uns, don’t yer know, what’s out of work and too ‘spectable like for noses, and hair, and dolls, and o’rect cards, is no use unless a feller can run; so they comes out a brushing. Yes; and when they gets here,” continued Bonser, his extremely dirty face lighting up at the absurdity of the thing, “when they gets here they’ll see a cove what comes from their parts in a pleasure-wan, or something of that, and aint got the cheek to take out their brush arter all, and trot home, when it’s dark, just the same as they come.”

And at this Bonser, conscious that he had given me my three answers fair and full, and one over, withdrew his hands from behind him and twiddled his finger and thumb expectantly. The next minute he was negotiating with a coffee man, while I strolled in among the booths and gipsy-tents, picturing to myself one of the poor, old, broken-down fellows, “too ‘spectable for noses and hair,” spending the livelong day lurking behind showvans and booths and nut-targets, and wrathfully watching the van which brought down Jenkins, the ladies’ bootmaker, who lives just over the way where the old fellow lives. The tablecloth is spread on a board in the van, and the old fellow, from his miserable hiding, can see the flash of knives and forks, and the foaming glasses of bottled beer; and, if he were not such a proud old donkey, he might hail Jenkins (who is as good a soul as ever lived), and, in a twinkling, be eating and drinking to his heart’s content. Not he; he hates Jenkins with the deadliest hatred, and nothing, or so he thinks, would give him greater pleasure than to see the stuck-up fellow swallow too large a bit of meat and choke himself on the spot. And so he lurks and watches, with a vague intention of beginning business when Jenkins has gone, till night approaches, and Jenkins and every one else goes, and the foolish old boy goes too, with his respectable old clothesbrush—the very one with which in better times he has, often and often, proudly flicked the dust from his Sunday clothes—hanging a dead and profitless weight in his pocket, as it has hung ever since his old woman wrapped it in paper for him last night (giving him at the same time her last threepence that he might not want for a half-pint of beer and a bit of ‘bacca on the road), he fags homeward in the dust and the deepening dusk, keeping the wall to be out of the way of the lively mob who hold the road; fags along for an hour or more, till it grows quite dark, and the vehicles bowling along past him, less in number, but faster and more uproariously, the drivers being drunk to a man; fags along till he reaches the dark road near to Croydon, by which time it is past midnight, and the inns are closed, and it is full five minutes since he heard the clatter of wheels, and, quite dead beat, he sits down on the grass that skirts the road “just for a rest,” and there he sleeps till the sunshine wakes him.

As the Bonser boy observed, “it’s all speckleration.” Speculation fills the Grand Stand and the betting-ring; speculation and the legend of the man who once upon a time got £1 for fetching a pail of water incites decent elderly men, as well as those with whom decency has long ceased to be a consideration, and ruffianly young men, and blackguardly boys, to undertake the lengthy journey. “Speckleration,” then, may be taken as the answer to the riddle respecting the three thousand who went up on to the Downs and did not come down again—that is to say, as far as the brushers, and the water-carriers, and the noses-and-hairs, and the pipelights, and the o’rect cards, went towards making up the total, which was not very considerable. Of the remainder, some were speculators and some were not. Among the former must, I suppose, be classed the various bands of Ethiopian “serenaders,” many of whom, divested of their business wool and “long-tail blues,” mixed with the crowd or conversed at the coffee-stalls, their nigger masks of yesterday (consisting of ivory-black and beer) looking much the worse for wear and a night’s tumbling on straw. And what else than as speculators could you regard the score or so of professional sparrers and glove-boxers who in the intervals of racing delight the aristocracy of the Grand Stand with an exhibition of scientific nose-punching and eye-blackening? and who, roused at this early hour, not because they have had sleep enough, but because their drouthy natures were famishing for beer, stroll about with their hands in their trouser pockets, and yawning their great jaws, with countenance about as amiable as that a bulldog who had attacked the supposititious calf of a wooden-legged man might be imagined as wearing.

Then there were the cockhy-men and the Aunt Sally men, and the men who were not to be mistaken for tailors because they carried a thimble in their pocket, or as persons in the farming interest from the circumstance of their happening to be possessed of two or three peas. And the target-keepers; and the proprietors of pulling, and punching, and weighing machines, and machines at which you will, by-and-by, be invited to “blow,” by way of testing the strength of your lungs; and the victuallers, licensed and unlicensed; and the “wheel of fortune” keepers, man and woman, attended by their “jollies” (who, as may be explained to the innocent reader, are those wonderfully lucky persons who, coming up quite promiscuously, win and carry away the sets of china and diamond earrings); and the party with the performing dogs; and the gentleman who smashes lumps of granite with his naked fist; and fifty others, speculators all; not forgetting the busy little barber who rushes about among them all, with his belt fuller stuck with sharp-edged weapons than the girdle of an Ojibbeway, crying out, “Now, then! now, then! One at a time! Here’s the barber! the barber! the barber!” doing a very good trade at a penny a shave, and being on the best of terms with the fair folks, no one denying him the loan of their fire for his shaving-pot, or making a rumpus when, in the pushing and jostling, he happened to nick a bit out of their chins. And if the reader can imagine the various characters sketched engaged in making preparations for the company who will presently arrive—the booth-keepers sweeping out and hanging up their banners; the gingerbread-nut women arranging their spruce stalls, and darting amongst their great canisters, and joking and laughing amongst themselves with that jollity which the vending of gingerbread seems invariably to confer; and the owners of the rifle-targets adjusting their lengths of tubing, like steam-boat funnels; and the cockhy-men squatting about and trimming cockhy-sticks with a spokeshave, or weaving their rush baskets to hold the earth into which the shy-sticks are stuck; and the niggers, grouped in retired corners, blacking each other’s faces and adjusting their wigs and paper collars before a looking-glass upheld against their monstrous hats; and the brushers and bruisers, and rag and tag generally, aiming aimlessly at that “bob” which is always to be picked up here, and he will have a faithful picture of what Epsom Downs is like early in the morning of the great race.

It is all over—nine hours since by ordinary humdrum time o’ day, ages since according to Epsom Downs time, between the start for the “great event” and when the upreared number-board by the judge’s chair declared who the victor was. We didn’t see the race. We never meant to see it. According to our expressed intention, we came home to breakfast at ten a.m., and remained at home until

midnight. It was nothing to us who the winner was, though, as it chanced, we knew as soon almost as anybody in the town, for, at about a quarter past four o’clock, while sitting behind the window-curtain, comfortably discussing a delightful little book—the “History of Epsom,” by a clergyman—kindly lent us by the landlady, hearing a swift pattering of feet (Epsom town is curiously still from ten till four on a Derby Day), we looked out, and spied the grocer’s young man rushing, hatless and breathless, up the street, and when he came to the cheesemonger’s young man, who was at his shopdoor to hear the news, he cried with deep emotion, “It’s all up, Dick! That blessed Blair Athol has gone and done it!” And so he had: General Peel coming in second, and Scottish Chief third. About the positions of the other horses we need not trouble ourselves.

It’s all over. The two hundred thousand who went up the hill have come down again; the judge has pocketed his fifty pounds and gone home, and is by this time—or so we hope, for it is past twelve o’clock—abed and calmly asleep, and the thousands whom his judgment made happy or miserable have also gone home, some to bed and some to celebrate their good luck by getting shockingly tipsy, and some to mourn over their bad luck and pass the remainder of the night wearily figuring and planning how they may find a way out of the bog Blair Athol has flung them into. The turbulent sea that surged over the Downs and reached even to the brow of the great hill has subsided, leaving them blank, save for the booths and vans, which in the distance loom shapelessly and black, save for the lights from torches and lanterns twinkling like glow-worms; and still, save for the snatches of song and laughter coming from the spot where the vans and booths are most thickly clustered; for what has been fun for the sightseers has been real hard work for those whom we saw so busily “making ready” in the morning, and now that their customers have gone, leaving their money behind ‘em, their Derby holiday commences, and they arrange comfortable parties, and dance, and sing, and play cards, and eat up what is known as the “overplush” of ham sandwiches and such other food as will not keep handsomely through a warm night. They likewise give a fair share of their patronage to the “overplush” beer, and about two in the morning become rather noisy.

Nobody, however, is ever taken up for being drunk and disorderly on Epsom Downs on the Derby night. There are policemen on the spot, but they are all snugly housed at the Grand Stand in a great room, where there is a jolly fire and plenty of mattresses on which the officers recline with their coats and boots off. Just for form’s sake, they march out in a body two or three times in the course of the night, but it is only to look in, in a good-humoured way, at the booths where there is most row and mildly recommend peace and harmony.

The ugliest customers the police have to deal with are the gipsies—those free and blithesome individuals who scorn house-dwelling and prefer to herd in dens no better than dog-kennels. The gipsies, however, are not troublesome on account of their drunken propensities, but from their disposition for plunder. Heaven help the unlucky wretch who, drinking himself past consciousness, lies down in a corner to sleep and is forgotten by the party with whom he came from London! Not only will the gipsies rob and beat him—they will strip him to the skin and drive him off, pelting him as he runs. The watchmen at the Grand Stand, more than once or twice, attracted by the cries of the victim, have found him without a rag shivering at the door, and kindly lent him a sack to cover and comfort him, and enable him to set out on his walk back to London without delay. It is because of these gipsy ruffians that the booth-keepers provide themselves with firearms; and, as the night wanes and the revellers tire, and the twinkling lights grow fewer, there is heard on every side a tremendous banging, caused by the booth-keepers discharging their guns and pistols at their doors to let the gipsies know what they may expect should they venture in after the money-box.

J. G.

FETE OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL TO THE POOR CHILDREN OF PARIS.

OUR Engraving represents a fête given a few Sundays ago by the little Prince Imperial to the poor children of Paris. This entertainment was nominally connected with the Children’s Loan Society, of which his Imperial Highness is the President. A large number of visitors, both old and young, were present, for whose gratification ample provision had been made by command of the Emperor. A long line of tables, with store of cakes and wine upon them, extended in front of the terrace, parallel to the Rue de Rivoli, from the Palace of the Tuilleries to the Place de la Concorde. The waiters in attendance were servants in the Imperial livery, with the addition of a few soldiers. Three military bands enlivened the company with music, and set the children dancing with the animation and enjoyment which are natural to their age. There were various other amusements, such as an exhibition of tightrope performances, merry-go-rounds, puppet-shows, Punch and Judy (in the French version of Polichinelle), and the usual attractions of a fair. The Emperor, the Empress, and Princess Clotilde were present, walking quietly through the crowd. The little Prince remained there for nearly two hours. The gardens were full of people, though a charge of 5f. was imposed for their admission by ticket, and none were allowed to enter without leading some children by the hand. The money raised by this means must have brought a considerable augmentation to the funds of the Children’s Loan Society. A large proportion of the tickets had been bought up wholesale by godfathers and persons, who distributed them among the poor.

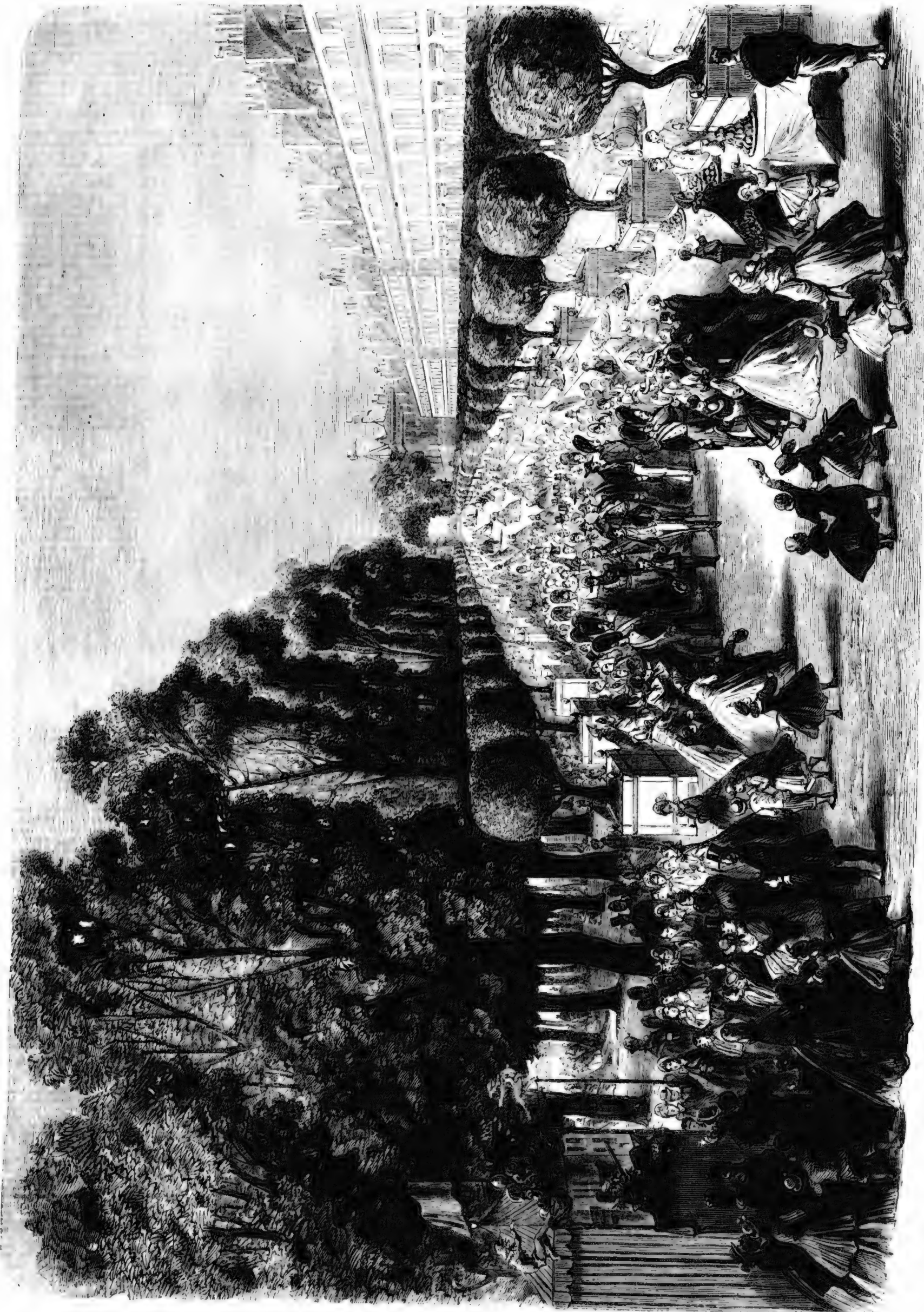
BOILER-EXPLOSIONS are becoming disastrously common. One occurred at Londonderry, on the evening of Monday, by which five persons were killed on the spot and several others injured. Two houses that stood near the boiler were blown down. It does not appear how the accident occurred.

THREE HUNDRED MEN OF THE 2ND ROYALS are engaged at Portadown in leveling the ground and removing the trees and hedgerows from the northern slope of the hill in the immediate front of the line of forts now rising along the hill’s crest. By this measure the north side of Portadown, which is nearly seven miles in extent, will be converted into one immense glacis.

PRESENT FROM AUSTRALIA TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—The wife of Governor Young and the ladies of New South Wales have sent to the Princess of Wales a magnificent gold casket as a wedding present. The casket measures about 8 in. in width by about 4 in. in depth and across, and is lined with velvet. It is ornamented with wreaths of flowers, and the key represents an opium on a tree, the whole being of solid gold. The workman’s hip is most beautiful, and the chasing very elaborate; the casket being altogether one of surpassing richness and beauty. It is valued at £700. This elegant present from the antipodes was brought to Southampton by the Peninsular and Oriental Company’s steamship Delhi, which arrived there in the early part of last week with the Australian mails.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND.—On Saturday the Newspaper Press Fund held their first annual dinner—Lord Houghton in the chair. There was a very brilliant company assembled, and the addresses of the noble chairman, Mr. Denman, Mr. Newdegate, and others set forth in a very striking manner the nature of the charity and the claims it has on the benevolence of public men. In the present case that claim was not made in vain, a large subscription, drawn from wide sources, following the chairman’s appeal. The musical department came out in unusual force; in fact, the after-dinner portion of the entertainment consisted more of music than of eloquence. So many of the leading members of the musical profession, including Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Parepa, and others, were anxious to testify their good will to the newspaper press by their attendance on this occasion that the dining-hall was in a measure turned into a concert-room, to the intense delight of a brilliant assemblage of ladies who graced the galleries.

DEMOLITION OF THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN MILTON IN BARBICAN.—Another of the ancient buildings in the City will in the course of a few days be razed to the ground—namely, the dwelling which was built for and for some time occupied by the poet Milton, situated at present in Barbican, and numbered “17” in that thoroughfare, near to Allion Chapel, and exactly opposite Dixon’s repository. This house and several others contiguous thereto have been for some time scheduled by the directors of the Metropolitan (Extension to Finsbury) Railway. The identity of this house, and it having been built for the great poet, appears to be most satisfactorily established by historical record. In many of the abridged notices of the life of the “immortal bard,” it is true that no trace of his having resided nearer to Barbican than in Aldersgate-street or Jewin-street can be found; but it is believed that he did reside there, that the house in which he lived was built for his occupation in the year 1641, and that he went to reside there with his first wife, Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, Esq., of Forest-hill, Oxfordshire.



JULY 1863 FETE GIVEN BY THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES



MUNIPOOREE PLAYERS OF THE GAME OF "HOCKEY ON HORSEBACK,"
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



MARSHAL PELLISIER, DUKE OF MALAKOFF.

HOCKEY ON HORSEBACK AT CALCUTTA.

THE usual cold-weather amusements at Calcutta have been diversified during the past season by some interesting matches at the game of hockey, on horseback.

This manly exercise is known, under slightly differing forms, in many parts of Asia, and has been introduced into Calcutta, where a body of gentlemen have formed a club, and meet once or twice a week during the winter for an encounter. But this year great public interest has been excited by the arrival from Cachar of a body of Munipooree men, who are great adepts at the game, and were brought down for the express purpose of playing the Calcutta club.

Munipooree is the name of a large valley occurring in the great mountain tract which lies between the British provinces of Assam and Cachar and the north-western portion of the territory of Burmah.

With the inhabitants of this valley, a Hindoo race, hockey on horseback is a national game. They employ for the purpose an extremely active, courageous, well-shaped pony, indigenous to those tracts, which stands between eleven and twelve hands high. On show occasions the players use the peaked Indian saddle, on which they sit with merely a cloth tied round their loins, and they protect the legs from possible blows of the hockey-stick by large leather gambadoes, which make an amazing rattling as the ponies gallop across the plain. But when playing for sport alone, and unwatched by spectators, the Munipooree men prefer to ride bareback, and, letting loose their long hair, and clasping the sides of their ponies with their dark-hued, naked legs, to flash hither and thither, and

make such abrupt turns and sudden pauses that it is difficult to believe man and beast have not one will, as they certainly seem to have one body.

Several matches were played, on the arrival of the strangers in Calcutta, between them and the Hockey Club; and on almost all occasions the club was beaten. It need not be said, when English gentlemen are concerned, that the fault was not in the riding; but the extreme suitability of the Munipooree pony for the purposes of the game and the accuracy which the Munipooree men have acquired, from long practice, in striking the ball, gave them advantages which it was difficult to contend with.

Great crowds were assembled to watch these games, the carriages of the English gentry encircling the ground, amongst which those of the Viceroy and of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal were not unfrequently seen. In the sinking light of the tropical sunset the red shirts of the clubmen, the glossy skins and purple turbans of their opponents, the barouches filled with ladies, the well-mounted horsemen, the sturdy British pedestrians and the thick groups of slender, bareheaded Bengalese, wrapt in their delicate muslins, made up altogether a striking scene.

In the Engraving we have given of some of the Munipooree players (taken from a photograph by Mr. F. W. Baker, of Calcutta) the Englishman is Captain Sherer, who brought them down; and the figure with the hockey-stick held in both hands is Toolane, a very active and manly youth, the life of the party, and a great favourite with the club. Captain Sherer always played on the Munipooree side, being both an enthusiast and an adept at the game.

The Munipooree men, who had never left their own regions before,

were delighted with Calcutta, and never tired of walking the streets and looking at the shops. Their delight culminated, however, in a visit to M'Collum's Circus, where they gazed with open mouths at the "Pleasing Flower Acts" on bare-backed steeds, and the trained ponies; but, when the "Courier of St. Petersburg" rode, as his wont is, on four horses at once, they declared that the hand of the Almighty was plainly visible.

The Calcutta club behaved in a princely manner, inviting Captain Sherer to a dinner, at which they asked his acceptance of a handsome solid silver cup and salver; purchasing all the ponies from the Munipooree men, for remunerative prices, and presenting their friendly rivals with a purse of £50. The trip to Calcutta will be long remembered and talked over in the Eastern hills.

We may add, for the information of those curious in such matters, that the ground for hockey, as played at Munipooree, should be marked out 225 yards in length by 110 in breadth, and that the following are the terms used by the tribe:—

The game, kunjai-baze; the stick, kunjai; the ball (made of the root of bamboo), kundroom; saddle (and its appurtenances.), sabul; gambadoes, naktung.

DEATH OF MARSHAL PELLISIER.

A TELEGRAM from Algiers, dated May 22, announces the death of the Duke of Malakoff, or Marshal Pellissier, to call him by his earlier and better-known title. The deceased was born at Maromme, in the department of the Lower Seine, on the 6th of November, 1794, and consequently, at the time of his death, was seventy years of



THE ROADSTEAD OF TUNIS.—SEE PAGE 339.

age. His father was a small farmer, not much above the degree of a peasant. At twenty years he entered the Military College of La Flèche, and soon after was admitted to the special school of St. Cyr. A few days before the return of Napoleon from Elba he entered the Artillery of the Royal Guard as Sub-Lieutenant, and was then transferred to the 57th of the Line, one of the regiments of the Army of Observation of the Rhine. When, after the fall of the Emperor, the army was remodelled, he was placed in the departmental legion of the Seine Inférieure. In 1819 he entered the Staff Corps, which had just been organised. Between the years 1820 and 1830 he served in Spain, in the Morea, and in Algeria; and in 1839 he returned to Algeria with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Appointed Colonel in 1843, he distinguished himself two years afterwards by an exploit, the memory of which will for ever attach to his name—that of suffocating 500 Arab fugitives in the caverns of Ouled-Riah. The event excited much indignation throughout all Europe, and in France the Chambers took the matter up, and Marshal Soult, who was then Minister of War, expressed his formal disapprobation of the occurrence. Marshal Bugeaud, however, took the responsibility on himself, and Colonel Polissier shortly afterwards received fresh promotion. During the remainder of his service in Algeria he succeeded in overcoming the troublesome tribes in Kabylia; and in January, 1855, he was summoned to the East to take part in the Crimean War. The chief command having been surrendered to him by Canrobert, he was elevated to the rank of Marshal of France upon the fall of Sebastopol, and subsequently was created Duke of Malakoff, with an annual pension of £4000. In 1858, after the Orsini attempt, he succeeded M. de Persigny as Ambassador in London. His last appointment was that of Governor-General of Algeria, which he held at the time of his death.

Literature.

Aristotle: A Chapter from the History of Science, including Analyses of Aristotle's Scientific Writings. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Smith, Elder, and Co.

It has for a long time been known that Mr. Lewes had under his hand a work about Aristotle, and the book is now before us. The first draught of the volume was (the author mentions) completed in February, 1862, and the re-writing in July, 1862, "fresh researches and many revisions have retarded its publication." Those who are familiar with the methods of Mr. Lewes's mind know in a considerable degree what to expect from him in a "monograph," which, he rightly says, "has not been forestalled" concerning Aristotle; but we are indebted to his preface for the information that the present volume is only a portion of a larger scheme. Mr. Lewes states that he has been for many years preparing himself to attempt a sketch of (what he calls) the embryology of science, or an "exposition of the great momenta in scientific development," and he publishes this first instalment at once, both because it is complete in itself and because it may not be permitted to him to complete the whole design.

The limits within which we can criticise such a book in these columns are narrow. The mere style strikes us as being both weightier and brighter than anything we have yet had from the same pen; and the volume is full of passages as happy and as pregnant as the opening sentence:—"It is difficult to speak of Aristotle without exaggeration; he is felt to be so mighty and is known to be so wrong." The general manner of the writer presents nothing new; we have the old transparency of meaning, the old agreeable discursiveness, and the old cheerful causticity, of which an example, worth the whole price of the book, is to be found at the top of page 13. We cannot, as it happens, quote the whole of what Mr. Lewes has to say about Pythias (who was eventually the wife of Aristotle) and Herma, his friend, whose relations with the lady were the subject of some absurd criticism; but we may reproduce this single sentence:—"Here, once more, may be seen how in this life men are punished for their virtues; as a set-off, perhaps, to the rewards which often crown their vices." Children, and fools, and Mr. Lewes tell (what seems to them to be) the truth. The short sketch of the life of Aristotle is, we need not say, entirely free from the usual vices of biographical writing. Mr. Lewes is too sincere a man to inflate his page with meanings read into events by himself, or to lash himself up into enthusiasm about shadows. Hence we have no fine writing about the "character" of Aristotle.

Mr. Lewes almost apologises for his frequent digressions into scientific by-paths; and, though he urges in his own defence that "he has not sacrificed any general interest to his 'own predilections,'" we cannot help thinking the work wants unity; there is, surely, too much criticism and too little contribution of a positive character?

Of course, in any "monograph" of Mr. Lewes which offered room for it (much more in the first instalment of a sketch of the embryology of science), we should expect a contrast to be drawn between the Scientific and the Metaphysical methods. Accordingly, we have the contrast developed in chapters ii., iii., and iv. with great force and wonderful clearness. We have stated, on other occasions, our own opinion that all this comes to nothing, and that the contrast between the "linear" movement of science and the "circular" movement of philosophy is purely imaginary. We do not now wish to reopen the question to our readers; but, in turning the leaves, our eye is caught by something at the foot of page 39 which seems to demand a word or two:—"There is a second important element in scientific research for which we are indebted to the Greeks: the systematic employment of Scepticism; without which, indeed, research would be vain, and a true method impossible. . . . 'Men who desire to learn,' said Aristotle, 'must first learn to doubt; for science is only the solution of doubt': an aphorism novel in those days, in our own a truism." Well, it certainly is a truism, and can never have been anything else, that science, or knowledge, is the satisfaction of the desire to know; but what does it amount to to say that the "systematic employment of Scepticism" is essential to successful research and true method? No doubt it is highly desirable to interrogate nature—that is exactly what Lord Bacon told us. Only, Maistre having asserted that Bacon's method was nothing new, and De Maistre having asserted that the Baconian Induction was the same as the Aristotelian, Mr. Lewes maintained ("Biog. Hist. Philosophy") that Bacon was the introducer of "cautious methodical induction." What is the difference between "the systematic employment of scepticism" and "interrogating nature"? "The Greeks," says Mr. Lewes, "early saw that if Observation and Reason were to be the guides in investigation, these guides, being fallible, required perpetual vigilance." Very good; but perpetual vigilance from what? From Observation and Reason. Exactly—*quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* But in modern times we have the great Positivist addendum of the principle of Verification, and we make immense linear progress—in finding out our mistakes and repeating them in fresh forms!

Our contemporary the *Athenæum* has already, we think, drawn blood in referring to the curious illustration on page 81 of the "futility of . . . passing from formal topic into the sphere of concrete objects without being careful to apply the Real Test." We then proceed as follows:—"Oxygen and nitrogen are two colourless gases; abstract logic assures us that out of two negatives we cannot educe a positive; out of two colourless gases, therefore (!), Logic tells us that we can get no colour by their union. But what is the fact? We pass from the subject to the object; we bring the two gases into union, and the nitrous acid which results has a deep orange colour." If this had come from Dr. Whewell we should not have been surprised; but one would as soon have expected it from Mr. Mill as Mr. Lewes.

But it is, after all, quite unfair, in presence of a work representing so much conscience, so much labour, and so much fine intelligence, to be picking out small things to criticise. Let us beg pardon for the last paragraph or two, and add a sentence of cordial and respectful admiration. Short of analysing the book, it is not easy for us to give the reader any notion of the profusion of informing,

often profound, and always pleasant, reading that is before him when he takes up this "Aristotle." The simplicity of Mr. Lewes's manner may often, unless care be exercised, cause his readers and critics to do him injustice, and fancy the thought is shallow because the medium of vision is so beautifully clear. One compensation is, that a book by this most delightful of philosophic writers is sure to be read repeatedly, and that, in that way, its whole significance grows upon even a moderately-attentive mind. It has been left for Mr. Lewes to make philosophy and science as interesting as a romance, not only by the straightforward, free play of a luminous understanding and a dignified morale, but by a lavishness of illustration which breaks the long journey with roadside refreshments, which, while really helping your progress, make you smile at every other page almost, and laugh right out at a good many.

Perhaps the chief point which it is important for us to signalise, for the benefit of readers who are totally unacquainted with the book, is that Mr. Lewes thinks he has shown that the common opinion of the enormous extent of Aristotle's anticipations of modern science is very much exaggerated. This conviction, Mr. Lewis candidly states, grew upon him while the work was under his hand.

The volume has an excellent index. The cautious freedom with which the author has let in side-lights from every direction upon the main topic must make the work valuable to students of limited leisure. The author is anxious to discourage secondhand citation; and he is, we think, right; but he has himself said some ingenious things in its favour—we forget where!

The Stream of Life on our Globe. By J. L. MILTON, M.R.C.S. Hardwicke.

When "Don Giovanni" was first produced, and proved to be a brilliant failure, Mozart was in no way disconcerted. He simply said, "Ah, well. It does not matter. The fact is, I only wrote it for myself and a few friends." This story might be applied to many writings, and is here recommended—in case of accidents—to the philosophical notice of Mr. Milton, who may console himself with his friends' flattery for that derision which he will surely meet from all who understand anything about books. His title at full is, "The Stream of Life on our Globe. Its Archives, Traditions, and Laws, as revealed by Modern Discoveries in Geology and Palæontology. A Sketch, in Untechnical Language, of the Beginning and Growth of Life, and the Physiological Laws which govern its Progress and Operations." Here is a somewhat large subject, and no wonder that more than six hundred large pages are required for the discussion. But these pages, on a subject by no means new, and not likely to have interest for all readers, are, in reality, in no way dull; and that is entirely due to the author's style, which is new enough, and probably destined to remain unique. It is common-sense run to seed. Mr. Milton is always examining, and calling himself a great man because he does not take everything for granted. He quarrels with most of the great men, attempts to upset their theories, and quizzes what he calls "everybody" unmercifully. His bombast is splendid; but when he comes down from the stilts his sentences of English are of a more careless, slovenly description than anything which we remember to have seen in print—at least, in anything which pretended to be cultivated literature. In a recent police case the penny-a-liner gravely wrote, "the plaintiff then produced £60, which he had been home and fetched;" and, likely enough, Mr. Milton would have written the same had he been reporting the case. His weakness is the more amusing, inasmuch as he calls attention to his style in some sixteen or seventeen pages, called "A word or two beforehand." Such words as preface and introduction would, of course, have been too plain for a writer who insists on his own good taste, and so throws commas and colons out of use, and thinks people use far more full stops than are desirable. He is the enemy of capital letters, except at the beginning of sentences; and yet, despite these evidences of culture, he is addicted to the vulgar practice of marking his quotations with italics and mocking notes of interrogation, and even double notes of admiration. Specimens of the bombast shall not be given, but two or three touches of the plainer kind will not be sufficient proof that unnecessary fault is not being found. At page 454 Mr. Milton says, "a healthy-looking man fainted so utterly from removing a small blister that he fell into the fireplace and nearly burned half his ear off." Now, was Mr. Milton's language given to him to conceal his thoughts? The gentleman with so much taste should at least endeavour to be precise. If the man fainted, he fainted; and the "so utterly" would not have made the fall a more probable contingency. He might have been predisposed to fainting; because, although he was "healthy looking," there is no evidence of his having been healthy. Had he been removing a blister from somebody, or had somebody been removing a blister from him? And what is the meaning of "nearly burned half his ear off"? We do not know whether nearly one half of the ear suffered or whether the half ear had a lucky escape; and the final word, "off," leaves the whole affair in a state of dismal perplexity. Speaking of the skeleton of the Irish Giant, Mr. Milton says, "The writer having seen with his own eyes this skeleton," &c., the "own eyes" having a family likeness to the language of Mrs. Cluppings when under the examination of Sergeant Buzfuz. But a description of Daniel Lambert's sleeping arrangements is perfect in absurdity. "He never almost went to bed before one o'clock, and was never more than eight hours in bed, slept with his window open and with his head no more raised than other people." There, we have done. Even in the House of Commons absurd language is frequently used, but no member for the meanest metropolitan borough would be likely to write such stuff as the above, correct his printer's proof, and coolly send the performance into the world.

A thorough analysis of "The Stream of Life" would occupy a page, but a few lines will give all that is necessary—a mere description. The beginning is divided into the "first great day," the "second great day," &c., of the creation or development of the world; and the reader is reminded that this form of arrangement is in no way intended to interfere with the Book of Genesis. For the world or the earth we might rather say the British Isles or England, for Mr. Milton wisely takes for motto to the first chapter a few words from "—Fitton" about England: "this island is in a great measure a general epitome of the globe." This is a good plan, because the scenery of Worcester, the Black Country, Salisbury Plain, and other localities will impress the English reader far more than the steppes of Southern Russia, the pampas of South America, or the vast jungles which lie amongst our Eastern possessions. Mr. Milton tries by big words to give a fair idea of the big inhabitants of Britain who flourished thousands of years before the "ancient Briton" appeared. All this is geologically traced, and, we fancy, with accuracy. The author is happy enough in his estimate of those times, and will startle many readers by his proofs of the power of the English elephant and tiger over those of modern Hindostan. Of course, we are not going to touch upon even the landmarks of this extensive survey, but resign the chapters in the belief that their information is put into good order although into somewhat odd language. Briefly, the subject is carried on to the days of something like civilisation—up to the building and agricultural point, at least. And so, despite defects, the book will do good service in quarters where the study has not been pursued. Other chapters of Mr. Milton's volume seem strangely irrelevant to the matter in hand; yet they happen to be by no means the least interesting. The author's system of inquiring for himself, instead of taking every assertion for granted, often upsets established beliefs in ridiculous things and teaches the wisdom of not speaking too rashly. For instance, he says of G. P. R. James's "Life of Richard I.," "Truth must pronounce Mr. James's history to be in some parts rather romantic. He talks of thousands on thousands falling at every moment in a fight by the Euphrates, so that if the fight had lasted two minutes, more men must have been exterminated than in the dreadful fields of Leipzig, Waterloo, and Inkerman all put together." Good. But the fight need not have lasted a quarter of a minute, far less two minutes, to have provoked the comparison. And why should Mr. Milton, in a geological work, describe Mr. James as "this famous writer, one of whose novels is worth a score

of the rubbishy sensation things by which men pander to the most despicable taste?" Then, again, Colenso-like, Mr. Milton knocks up a ghost-story by calculation. In a ghost-story a voice warning of death is given which is received simultaneously with the giving, whilst, supposing the distance between the places—India and Scotland—to be six thousand miles, sound would require three quarters of an hour to travel that space. Mr. Milton ridicules the idea of ghosts appearing clothed; but that joke is easily settled. If a ghost be possible, a ghost can surely do as it pleases. A ghost could only appear for an object. A ghost, therefore, would not be likely to come in a guise of naked flesh, in which its friends had not been accustomed to see it in life. Its object is to be known, and therefore the spirit comes "in his habit as he lived." Thus, many of Mr. Milton's ideas are, like most things, half good and half bad. But he has given us much amusement, and we are indisposed to quarrel with him farther. What is really to be liked in his book is a hearty lance-breaking with Dr. Darwin, in which the Natural-Selectionist is frequently worsted. But Darwinites and Miltonites must study the matter for themselves. A solitary paragraph of description would be no more than a paragraph thrown away.

Garibaldi and Italian Unity. By Lieutenant-Colonel CHAMBERS, Smith, Elder, and Co.

The self-imposed task of Colonel Chambers was to give an account of the services rendered to Italy by Garibaldi between the spring of 1861 and the close of 1863, no previous history having been brought down later than the early part of 1861. This has been accomplished, and not unsuccessfully, if not very skillfully; and, moreover, there is something fresh which is not to be found in the contemporary newspaper accounts nor in the writings of Count Arrivabene, Captain Forbes, and Admiral Mundy. "From information," says the preface, "obtained during a residence in Italy, the writer became convinced that there was much unknown in the history of General Garibaldi, particularly with regard to the part he took in the transactions that led to the disastrous affair of Aspromonte. The facts relating to this expedition have been entirely misrepresented; the true story, hitherto unknown to the public, is here for the first time given to the world." Whatever misrepresentations may have been made at the time, there is no doubt that in England the general impression was that the King of Italy was "winking" at the attempt to capture Rome, just as he had winked at the successful Sicilian expedition. Colonel Chambers's book goes far to prove this. It is certain that not a man could have embarked without its being more or less sanctioned by authority. Mail-steampers were seized and filled with troops, and Victor Emmanuel's own ships of war never pretended to interfere. Therefore, it is evident that some later pressure must have been put upon the Cabinet of Turin, and there is but one Cabinet which could have cared to interfere. But, whatever may have been the counsels or threats of the Emperor of the French, it is easy to see that not much pressure was required to induce Italian statesmen to trample upon and humiliate the Italian patriot. "There is no passion more deeply rooted in the human heart than envy," says Sir Fretful Plagiary; and from first to last all Italians high in place, not excepting Cavour himself, envied the national love of Garibaldi and smarted under their own impotency compared to the one man's wondrous power. The effect of these pages is to leave a feeling akin to indignation and contempt for the *Re Galantuomo* and the men who were his chief counsellors and generals. Colonel Chambers has in no way failed to induce this feeling, the idea of which, probably, suggested the book itself. For the rest, the pages are a compilation of the loosest kind; but they are full of interest, and their spirit is, throughout, generous and chivalrous.

A Walk from London to John O'Groat's. With Notes by the Way. Illustrated with Photographic Portraits. By ELIHU BURRITT. (Sampson Low, Son, and Marston)

Mr. Elihu Burritt started on his travels with one principal object—to study closely the legislature of Great Britain, and to make notes by the way for the edification of an agricultural club in Connecticut, of which he was corresponding member. As a matter of course, then, it may be concluded that many fine farms are amply described and discussed, Tiptree Hall taking, literally, the first place. But if we say simply that Mr. Mechi's farm, as well as others, gave great satisfaction to Mr. Burritt, and that he admits they have nothing like it in America, it will be all that will be necessary to be said of the agricultural passages of the volume. For the rest, an American in England is no novelty; and Mr. Burritt has contrived to say as little as could possibly be said in a big book. The fact is, Mr. Burritt is a dreamer and a schemer. He shuts his eyes and thinks, and sees nothing. He is a visionary—blindfold. At page 46 he says, "I believe everything sings that has wings in England. And well it might, for here it is safe from shot, stones, snarers, and other destructives. Young England is not allowed to sport with firearms, after the fashion of our American boys. You hear no juvenile popping at the small birds of the meadow, thicket, or hedgerow, in spring, summer, or autumn. After travelling or sojourning nearly ten years in the country I have never seen a boy throw a stone at a sparrow, or climb a tree for a bird's nest." This will astonish the boys of England. However, whatever Mr. Burritt sees or does not see, he hears the superiority of English singing-birds over American. He sympathises with the British donkey, and would transplant him across the Channel. He is humorous and hearty about country tavern landladies—almost Washington Irvingish—and comic about inn signs. Greatly to be respected is all that he says about such good men and philanthropists as Jonas Webb, Samuel Jonas, Anthony Cruikshank, &c.; but he has a dismal habit of "sying" off from such subjects into dull rhapsodies or inspired lecturing on agriculture, floriculture, the stars, teetotalism, and other subjects good in their way, but better without ten or twenty pages of vapid maundering. Mr. Burritt is excellent in his description of the festival of "The Miller of Houghton," or his curious but well-authenticated story of barley being grown from oats, his musings in Cowper's house at Huntingdon, or the prosaic account of how two labourers went one morning a few centuries ago to plant what have since grown to be the famous elm-groves of Bureleigh. Mr. Burritt contrives to say absolutely nothing about the English people in his book on England; and so there is nothing to repeat, except that English labourers would find themselves much better off across the Atlantic (as the Irish do) and that the names of the Kings of England are settled to all eternity. At page 320, speaking of the Princess of Wales and King Harold, we are asked, "Will any one of her posterity ever bear his name and sit upon the throne he vacated for that bloody grave? No! She will remember a better name at the font. The day and the name of the Harolds, Williams, Henrys, Charleses, and Georges are over and gone for ever. ALBERT THE GOOD has stopped that succession; and England, doubtless, for centuries to come will wear that name and its memories in her crown." Always saying and excepting the rhapsodies and the lectures, these pages may be found pleasant reading. As a frontispiece Mr. Burritt gives a photograph of himself in travelling trim—an exiguous carpet-bag slung on a hooked umbrella. The journey appears to have been conducted on the most reasonable terms; for the traveller appears to have a long—possibly elastic—list of friends amongst the Friends, or Quakers; and not a day seems to have passed without his taking—say, at dinner-time and bedtime, which includes breakfast—hospitable shelter under somebody's broad brim.

Beauties of Tropical Scenery; Lyrical Sketches; and Love Songs. By R. N. DUNBAR. Author of "The Nuptials of Barcelona." Second Edition. Robert Hardwicke.

Some twelve months since we had occasion to notice the first edition of Mr. Dunbar's volume, characterising it as graceful verse and pleasant reading that did not attempt to fancy itself very fine poetry. The year has exhausted the edition; and here is a second, in excellent print and luxurious paper, adorned with a delicious tropical frontispiece and graced with some additions by the author. The public has backed the opinion offered, and so author and public, and especially he who stands between them in critical print, have reason to be well pleased. Some complimentary verses to Mdm. Stella Colas are amongst the pleasantest of the additions—lines written with singular harmony and easy power of versification.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.
The steady increase in the stock of bullion in the Bank of England and the limited demand for gold for export purposes have produced greater firmness in the value of National Stocks this week than of business doing, however, has not increased. Consols, 91½; 3½ per Mopay, 91½; 4½ ditto, 92½; 5½ ditto, 93½; 6½ ditto, 94½; 7½ ditto, 95½; 8½ ditto, 96½; 9½ ditto, 97½; 10½ ditto, 98½; 11½ ditto, 99½; 12½ ditto, 100½; 13½ ditto, 101½; 14½ ditto, 102½; 15½ ditto, 103½; 16½ ditto, 104½; 17½ ditto, 105½; 18½ ditto, 106½; 19½ ditto, 107½; 20½ ditto, 108½; 21½ ditto, 109½; 22½ ditto, 110½; 23½ ditto, 111½; 24½ ditto, 112½; 25½ ditto, 113½; 26½ ditto, 114½; 27½ ditto, 115½; 28½ ditto, 116½; 29½ ditto, 117½; 30½ ditto, 118½; 31½ ditto, 119½; 32½ ditto, 120½; 33½ ditto, 121½; 34½ ditto, 122½; 35½ ditto, 123½; 36½ ditto, 124½; 37½ ditto, 125½; 38½ ditto, 126½; 39½ ditto, 127½; 40½ ditto, 128½; 41½ ditto, 129½; 42½ ditto, 130½; 43½ ditto, 131½; 44½ ditto, 132½; 45½ ditto, 133½; 46½ ditto, 134½; 47½ ditto, 135½; 48½ ditto, 136½; 49½ ditto, 137½; 50½ ditto, 138½; 51½ ditto, 139½; 52½ ditto, 140½; 53½ ditto, 141½; 54½ ditto, 142½; 55½ ditto, 143½; 56½ ditto, 144½; 57½ ditto, 145½; 58½ ditto, 146½; 59½ ditto, 147½; 60½ ditto, 148½; 61½ ditto, 149½; 62½ ditto, 150½; 63½ ditto, 151½; 64½ ditto, 152½; 65½ ditto, 153½; 66½ ditto, 154½; 67½ ditto, 155½; 68½ ditto, 156½; 69½ ditto, 157½; 70½ ditto, 158½; 71½ ditto, 159½; 72½ ditto, 160½; 73½ ditto, 161½; 74½ ditto, 162½; 75½ ditto, 163½; 76½ ditto, 164½; 77½ ditto, 165½; 78½ ditto, 166½; 79½ ditto, 167½; 80½ ditto, 168½; 81½ ditto, 169½; 82½ ditto, 170½; 83½ ditto, 171½; 84½ ditto, 172½; 85½ ditto, 173½; 86½ ditto, 174½; 87½ ditto, 175½; 88½ ditto, 176½; 89½ ditto, 177½; 90½ ditto, 178½; 91½ ditto, 179½; 92½ ditto, 180½; 93½ ditto, 181½; 94½ ditto, 182½; 95½ ditto, 183½; 96½ ditto, 184½; 97½ ditto, 185½; 98½ ditto, 186½; 99½ ditto, 187½; 100½ ditto, 188½; 101½ ditto, 189½; 102½ ditto, 190½; 103½ ditto, 191½; 104½ ditto, 192½; 105½ ditto, 193½; 106½ ditto, 194½; 107½ ditto, 195½; 108½ ditto, 196½; 109½ ditto, 197½; 110½ ditto, 198½; 111½ ditto, 199½; 112½ ditto, 200½; 113½ ditto, 201½; 114½ ditto, 202½; 115½ ditto, 203½; 116½ ditto, 204½; 117½ ditto, 205½; 118½ ditto, 206½; 119½ ditto, 207½; 120½ ditto, 208½; 121½ ditto, 209½; 122½ ditto, 210½; 123½ ditto, 211½; 124½ ditto, 212½; 125½ ditto, 213½; 126½ ditto, 214½; 127½ ditto, 215½; 128½ ditto, 216½; 129½ ditto, 217½; 130½ ditto, 218½; 131½ ditto, 219½; 132½ ditto, 220½; 133½ ditto, 221½; 134½ ditto, 222½; 135½ ditto, 223½; 136½ ditto, 224½; 137½ ditto, 225½; 138½ ditto, 226½; 139½ ditto, 227½; 140½ ditto, 228½; 141½ ditto, 229½; 142½ ditto, 230½; 143½ ditto, 231½; 144½ ditto, 232½; 145½ ditto, 233½; 146½ ditto, 234½; 147½ ditto, 235½; 148½ ditto, 236½; 149½ ditto, 237½; 150½ ditto, 238½; 151½ ditto, 239½; 152½ ditto, 240½; 153½ ditto, 241½; 154½ ditto, 242½; 155½ ditto, 243½; 156½ ditto, 244½; 157½ ditto, 245½; 158½ ditto, 246½; 159½ ditto, 247½; 160½ ditto, 248½; 161½ ditto, 249½; 162½ ditto, 250½; 163½ ditto, 251½; 164½ ditto, 252½; 165½ ditto, 253½; 166½ ditto, 254½; 167½ ditto, 255½; 168½ ditto, 256½; 169½ ditto, 257½; 170½ ditto, 258½; 171½ ditto, 259½; 172½ ditto, 260½; 173½ ditto, 261½; 174½ ditto, 262½; 175½ ditto, 263½; 176½ ditto, 264½; 177½ ditto, 265½; 178½ ditto, 266½; 179½ ditto, 267½; 180½ ditto, 268½; 181½ ditto, 269½; 182½ ditto, 270½; 183½ ditto, 271½; 184½ ditto, 272½; 185½ ditto, 273½; 186½ ditto, 274½; 187½ ditto, 275½; 188½ ditto, 276½; 189½ ditto, 277½; 190½ ditto, 278½; 191½ ditto, 279½; 192½ ditto, 280½; 193½ ditto, 281½; 194½ ditto, 282½; 195½ ditto, 283½; 196½ ditto, 284½; 197½ ditto, 285½; 198½ ditto, 286½; 199½ ditto, 287½; 200½ ditto, 288½; 201½ ditto, 289½; 202½ ditto, 290½; 203½ ditto, 291½; 204½ ditto, 292½; 205½ ditto, 293½; 206½ ditto, 294½; 207½ ditto, 295½; 208½ ditto, 296½; 209½ ditto, 297½; 210½ ditto, 298½; 211½ ditto, 299½; 212½ ditto, 300½; 213½ ditto, 301½; 214½ ditto, 302½; 215½ ditto, 303½; 216½ ditto, 304½; 217½ ditto, 305½; 218½ ditto, 306½; 219½ ditto, 307½; 220½ ditto, 308½; 221½ ditto, 309½; 222½ ditto, 310½; 223½ ditto, 311½; 224½ ditto, 312½; 225½ ditto, 313½; 226½ ditto, 314½; 227½ ditto, 315½; 228½ ditto, 316½; 229½ ditto, 317½; 230½ ditto, 318½; 231½ ditto, 319½; 232½ ditto, 320½; 233½ ditto, 321½; 234½ ditto, 322½; 235½ ditto, 323½; 236½ ditto, 324½; 237½ ditto, 325½; 238½ ditto, 326½; 239½ ditto, 327½; 240½ ditto, 328½; 241½ ditto, 329½; 242½ ditto, 330½; 243½ ditto, 331½; 244½ ditto, 332½; 245½ ditto, 333½; 246½ ditto, 334½; 247½ ditto, 335½; 248½ ditto, 336½; 249½ ditto, 337½; 250½ ditto, 338½; 251½ ditto, 339½; 252½ ditto, 340½; 253½ ditto, 341½; 254½ ditto, 342½; 255½ ditto, 343½; 256½ ditto, 344½; 257½ ditto, 345½; 258½ ditto, 346½; 259½ ditto, 347½; 260½ ditto, 348½; 261½ ditto, 349½; 262½ ditto, 350½; 263½ ditto, 351½; 264½ ditto, 352½; 265½ ditto, 353½; 266½ ditto, 354½; 267½ ditto, 355½; 268½ ditto, 356½; 269½ ditto, 357½; 270½ ditto, 358½; 271½ ditto, 359½; 272½ ditto, 360½; 273½ ditto, 361½; 274½ ditto, 362½; 275½ ditto, 363½; 276½ ditto, 364½; 277½ ditto, 365½; 278½ ditto, 366½; 279½ ditto, 367½; 280½ ditto, 368½; 281½ ditto, 369½; 282½ ditto, 370½; 283½ ditto, 371½; 284½ ditto, 372½; 285½ ditto, 373½; 286½ ditto, 374½; 287½ ditto, 375½; 288½ ditto, 376½; 289½ ditto, 377½; 290½ ditto, 378½; 291½ ditto, 379½; 292½ ditto, 380½; 293½ ditto, 381½; 294½ ditto, 382½; 295½ ditto, 383½; 296½ ditto, 384½; 297½ ditto, 385½; 298½ ditto

un., Montague-news, Marble-car, builder.—H. S. WITHERS,
Clipping Norton, clothier.—C. S. PIGGINS, Charel-lane, White-
chapel, rawmaker.—S. AMBRY, Durham-square, North Freetown,
builder.—T. J. TRIGGS, Belcher-street, Chesham-square, fruit-
seller.—J. HARRIS, Chesham-square, chesmonager assistant.
J. JOHNSON, Manchester-stre-t Manchester-square, H. FLAGG,
Romford.—T. SURRIDGE, Coventry-street, victualler.—J. B.
COOPER, Talbot-terrace, Westbourne Park, clerical.—W. BURRILL, King's
Frederic-crescent, Camberwell, grocer.—J. L. GIBSON, 60, North-bridge,
Lynn, curer.—A. PIROTT, 47, Elm-church-street, hair-machinist.
—J. M. PIROTT, 47, Elm-church-street, Limhouse, accountant.—W. MURPHY,
Oakley-craegen South, Chelsea, comb-manufacturer.—H. DENTON,
Coathage, Middlesex, carman.—J. W. CHAPMAN, 18, Mansfield-
terrace, Edgware-road, solicitor.—J. JACKEN, Fulham,
builder.—J. JACKEN, Fulham-road, fruiterer.—F. FREE,
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most potent in curing all cases of ulcerations, abscesses, and "bad
legs" after every other means have failed and the sufferings ex-
perienced from them are utterly unendurable.

Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co., "It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the *Pneumococcus*) that the author does not state what contains aloes; and we know that *hamorrhoids* persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of COCKLE'S PILLS, which chily consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound by alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a potent medicine. I look at it as a article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best of its kind. I have used it in the form of purgative, cathartic, purge, and a hydropneumate purge combined, and its effects properly controlled by a dilutant and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce *hamorrhoids*, like most aloetic pills I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane.

THOMAS FOX, 2, Catherine-street, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY
MAY 28, 1864.